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The Nation.

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CHINA: END OF AN ERA
By Orville Schell

CONFIDENTIAL

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

IN CONGRESS. JULY 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America.

When in the Course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

b7D b7C b6 b7A b7D

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.—That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, —That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

b6 b7D b7C b6 b7A b7D b6 b7D b7C b6 b7A b7D

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the mean time exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For Quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury:

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies:

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments:

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

b6 b7D b7C b6 b7A b7D

In every stage of these Oppressions We have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which, would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the united States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. —And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.

b2 b6 b7D b7C b6 b7A b7D b2 b6 b7D b7C b6 b7A b7D b2 b6 b7D b7C b6 b7A b7D

LETTERS.

MILITIAS-NESS

Addison, Me.
I was disappointed to see *The Nation* respond to the militia movement with knee-jerk liberalism ["Montana's Mother of All Militias," May 22], i.e., Marc Cooper: "The militias [were] . . . born in the backlashes against civil rights, environmentalism, gay rights, the pro-choice movement and gun control." Actually, but for their confusion over the distinctions between socialism and fascism (to think that David Rockefeller and the Trilateralists are socialists is the very pinnacle of absurdity), many of their fears regarding the multinational corporations running the world are valid, and *The Nation* has also expressed such fears.
Homere A. Dansereau

Caneyville, Ky.
I have been reading *The Nation* for several years and have generally agreed with your views. You have gone off the deep end, though, in your criticisms of the right wing following the Oklahoma City bombing. I agree that many of their ideas are half-baked and many of their tactics are debatable, but to blame them, as you have recently, for the problems confronting working people is farfetched. Though we disagree on many issues, we as working people must still view the members and supporters of militias as working people who are victims of government repression merely reacting to this repression in their own way. To focus your fire on this right-wing fringe element and advocate government repression against them is to invite this same repression against ourselves somewhere down the road. *Ed Meredith*

Farmville, Va.
Replace the word "militia" in Marc Cooper's article with "Jew" or "nigger" or "fag," and ask yourself whether such a diatribe does credit to *The Nation*. Why has *The Nation* suddenly become so eager to jump on the media bandwagon? When the mass media painted pictures of Libyan hit squads, *The Nation* failed to go along. When the media painted pictures of commies under every bed, *The Nation* dared to promulgate alternative views. Now the media paint pictures of "militia terrorists," mad bombers, murderous anarchists, but this time, instead of resisting the stampede, *The Nation* races to get to the head of the pack! This time, *The Nation* offers no alternative, no questions.

I am not a gun owner and I am not a militia member, but I feel as if I have to seek out the nearest militia and join. Because I do care about the fate of the country, I do care about human rights, I do care about the Constitution, I do care about freedom and I do care about the children and the adults who are being murdered. The United States is waking up!—that is the story you missed. We have real dissent here in the United States! *Charles Obler*

Philadelphia
I feel that *The Nation* (and other progressive publications) is lacking in accurate portrayals of a major force in this country, and thereby alienating people. There is a misrepresentation of American Christianity. Where is there a single mention of the Christian left? There is coverage only of the radical right. Of course, these are the people who are stirring up hate and organized enough to be dangerous, so they get the coverage.

In the mainstream media, Christian organizations that combat racism and sexism, feed people and help build housing are not exciting enough to make the news. South American Catholic liberationists are not deemed as newsworthy as O.J. Simpson. But I expect more from publications like *The Nation*. Just as in art, absence is as important as presence. What you don't say is as significant as what you do say. To combat the Christian right, you need to give voice to the Christian left. We are out here. *Andrew C. Weaver*

'NOT-SO-BAD OLD DAYS'

Baltimore
Fred Weir refers to the "bad old days" in the U.S.S.R., when "real power reside[d] in the Kremlin" ["Boris's Big Bash," May 22]. From the man in the street's perspective, the 1970s were the last period of relative normalcy, the "good (or at least not so bad) old days," when rent was nominal, jobs secure, medical care and education free, the streets safe. Yes, for the small minority of the population dissatisfied enough with the politics of the system to protest, reprisals could be harsh; but the overwhelming majority of the population of the U.S.S.R., as in the United States, was concerned with the tribulations of daily life. When politically active, it was usually to protest poor public services.

As Roy Medvedev wrote in 1977, "The Soviet citizen knows that he is fully entitled to such rights as employment, education, welfare assistance, and free medical care. If he is denied these rights, he will fight for them with tenacity, sometimes rounding up collective support from his friends and neighbors. Usually he wins. He knows that he has the right to see a doctor any time he wants or to have the doctor make a house call. He knows that his children have the right to be educated in a free school. . . . He is sure of his right to work and he demands that a job be provided."

As Vladimir Posner perceptively noted in a momentary lapse on the May 9 *Nightline*, there is far more anti-American sentiment on the streets today than in the alleged "bad old days" when it was official propaganda to hate the United States. Not only have the U.S.S.R.'s leaders bought the American plan of political and civil rights to the exclusion of economic rights but there is no credible left alternative in Russia these days.
Jeffrey M. Hornstein

HIS OX IS GORED

Ithaca, N.Y.
In his beautifully written review of Andrew Kopkind's final publication, *The Thirty Years' Wars* [June 12], Gore Vidal makes one error: He allows his famous animus toward Robert Kennedy to unfairly portray Kopkind as a muddled thinker in the late 1960s, referring to him as "Bobby-enthralled as of 1967." Vidal's distaste for R.F.K. blinds him to the reason Kopkind became "enthralled": Beginning in February 1966 Kennedy had consistently called for a negotiated settlement in Vietnam that would ultimately include the National Liberation Front in a coalition government followed by a complete withdrawal of U.S. troops. *Joseph A. Palermo*

VIDAL REPLIES

Ravello, Italy
I disagree entirely with Mr. Palermo's assessment of Bobby Kennedy's "plans" regarding the Vietnam War. *Gore Vidal*

I EXIST ERGO I EXIST

Los Angeles
For years, I assigned *Report From Iron Mountain* as one of several texts in my Contemporary Sociological Theory classes ["Anatomy of a Hoax," June 12]. It illustrates marvelously the circular reasoning that if something exists and persists it must be functional for society—or it wouldn't exist! Along the same lines, a hilariously funny paper, "The Functions of Poverty" by Herbert Gans, was similarly taken seriously by many, including sociologists, whereas I am convinced Gans wrote it with tongue planted firmly in cheek. All this is great fun. But that far-right groups, or anyone, could regard *Report From Iron Mountain* as "a sort of bible"—and act upon its teachings—is truly terrifying!
Monica B. Morris

BOTCHED CO.

The correct spelling of the "Dole-booster" in David Corn's "Gold Digger of 1988" [July 3] is Steven Bochco.

ABOUT THE COVER

Our cover, conceived by Professor Irwin Corey, shows the Declaration of Independence as a typical F.O.I.A. document with parts blacked out for "national security" reasons. The letters and numbers next to the deletions refer to exemptions from the law that allow the F.B.I. to practice such censorship; for example, (b) (7) (D) means the redacted material would "reveal the identity of a confidential source." Happy Independence Day. With this issue we begin our biweekly summer publication schedule.
—The Editors

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EDITORIALS.

A Major Error

Seen through the media in London, the battle for the Tory leadership and, hence, for the job of Prime Minister looked at moments like Shakespearean drama, with John Major fighting for his life and his rival, John Redwood, former Minister for Welsh Affairs and former head of Margaret Thatcher's think tank, cast in the part of lean and hungry Cassius. But, on closer scrutiny, it was the Bard in a lighter vein, a comedy of errors and false identities.

Major resigned and brought about the present crisis believing that, with his Cabinet colleagues bound to back him, he would crush the "Euroskeptics" and consolidate his tottering throne. Now, even if he wins in the first ballot on July 4, he will re-emerge as the lame-duck leader of a deeply divided party. His competitors have their own troubles. Though Redwood is for hanging and "family values" and against single mothers and a single European currency, he had not been the main spokesman for the Thatcherite far right. That role belonged to the Iron Lady's darling, Employment Secretary Michael Portillo.

Now, in the secrecy of the ballot, Portillo's supporters are expected to abstain rather than vote for him. They may even opt for Major out of fear that in a second round, when new contenders are entitled to join, victory would go to the man who brought Thatcher down, Michael Heseltine. "Tarzan" Heseltine is a true-blue Tory, but one who does not believe that the state embodies all horrors or that the Continent is synonymous with sin. Paradoxically, to give their man the chance of a second round, Heseltine's followers may vote in the first round for the arch-reactionary Redwood.

All these antics are signs that the Tories, after four electoral victories and sixteen years in office, are at the end of their tether. Their popularity is so low it seems impossible to recover; internal feuds are so bitter they may precipitate an election before their mandate runs out in 1997. That would be a boon to the left if Labor represented a genuine alternative, but like the Tories it too has swung to the right. Under Tony Blair, Labor doesn't even stand to the left of pre-Thatcher moderate Conservatives. A Tory woman in the London district of Ealing complained to a *Guardian* correspondent that the Conservatives were leaderless, while "Tony Blair strikes you as being in the wrong party." If Labor, on being elected, pulls a Clinton, the Portillos and Redwoods may cease to be the extreme. That could pave the way for a British Newt.

L.A. Fiscal Shock

"This is not deficit reduction, it's suicide." Gilbert Cedillo is pointing at the aging mountain of marble—larger in surface area than the Pentagon—that provides last-resort medicine to the 2.9 million residents of Los Angeles County who are indigent or lack private health insurance. "If these doors close, the poor will die in the streets."

Cedillo, the general manager of the 42,000-member S.E.I.U. Local 660, has been trying to explain to reporters the consequences of shutting down County-U.S.C. Medical Center, the nation's busiest hospital. "This is the Ford River Rouge of mass-production public health: 50,000 emergency cases per year, 10,000 live births, one-half of the AIDS patients in the region."

Yet under the plan announced on June 20 by Sally Reed, Los Angeles County's chief administrative officer, the vast complex will be closed this September in a desperate bid to assuage Wall Street, which has threatened to downgrade L.A.'s municipal bonds unless deficit slashing deepens. In a letter to supervisors, Reed warned that the county, facing a $1.2 billion shortfall in revenue, was on the edge of bankruptcy. "Downsizing must proceed immediately."

Since 1993, when Pete Wilson raided local property taxes to balance his budget in Sacramento, Los Angeles County has faced annual fiscal emergencies. Each time, however, the supervisors were able to postpone doomsday by spending their reserves or borrowing from employee trust funds. Now, as Reed explains, "the age of miracles is over." Orange County's reckless default has made California municipalities the pariahs of the investment world.

Reed claims her budget is designed "to put reality back on the table." In addition to dismantling County-U.S.C., she also wants to close twenty-five community health centers, thirty parks, twelve to fifteen libraries and five juvenile probation camps. So many social service personnel will be laid off that welfare applicants will have to wait eighteen weeks for their first appointment. In addition, the county is fiercely lobbying Sacramento to abolish general relief for destitute adults. As Reed puts it, "We are going to change the way we expect people to survive."

Overall, 18,255 jobs, 20 percent of the work force, will be amputated in a single, grotesquely one-sided blow. Although the county's criminal justice payroll is considerably larger than its expenditure on hospitals, twenty-eight times as many health care workers will be laid off as sheriffs. This is a tribute to the theatrical abilities of Sheriff Sherman Block, who, in repeated tantrums, has threatened to empty the jails into the streets.

Reed argues that private hospitals will make up for most of the health services eliminated by the county. But an executive of the Emergency Medical Directors Association flatly predicted that the "already tattered safety net" of trauma centers and emergency rooms "will be forced to close their doors if these cuts are enacted."

At the same time, the potential loss of civil service jobs—which Local 660's Cedillo compares to the impact of "three auto plants closing at once"—clouds all hope of economic recovery in Los Angeles. "Everyone knows that County-U.S.C. is the biggest employer on the Latino Eastside," says Cedillo, "but county workers are also the largest component of the middle class in the African-American neighborhoods of South Central."

The Board of Supervisors has already approved an interim budget that slashes $257 million, including parks and libraries, but it has postponed the debate on Reed's $655 million in health care cuts until later in the summer. The two women of color on the board, Gloria Molina and Yvonne Brathwaite Burke, are firmly opposed to closing County-U.S.C. Conversely, the two male Republicans, Mike Antonovich and Deane Dana, support Reed's budget "in principle." The fifth board member, and swing vote, is Zev Yaroslavsky, whom Local 660 vigorously supported last year as heir to the "liberal" seat long held by supervisor Ed Edelman. Yaroslavsky has instead become the echo of Sally Reed, thundering against "the bloated health department bureaucracy which is bleeding this county dry." (One angry union member described Yaroslavsky's "metamorphosis in reverse: from butterfly to worm.")

Local 660 leaders intend to saturate Yaroslavsky's predominantly Democratic Westside and Hollywood district with organizers and cable TV ads. They're also planning for demonstrations along the trail of presidential candidate Wilson (who ultimately holds the key to the county's budget crisis). But, more to the point, they are conducting intensive workshops to train hundreds of their members, and community supporters, in civil disobedience they vow to use to keep county government from becoming merely a shrunken appendage of the sheriff's department.

MIKE DAVIS

Mike Davis is writing a book on Southern California's trial by riot, fire and earthquake.

Force for Peace

The United Nations' fiftieth anniversary has come and gone with America's pundits and politicians pronouncing it a useless, costly anachronism. The most tragic example of its failure is in Bosnia, where the pullback of U.N. forces sets the stage for tens of thousands of Serbs and Muslims to slaughter one another in new offensives. The best way for Clinton to commemorate this anniversary would be to prevent another bloodbath in Bosnia, or anywhere, by making U.N. peace enforcement work.

The other options are untenable. If we continue to sit on the sidelines of this civil war that has claimed at least 50,000 lives and displaced millions, we give comfort to Serbian expansion and to would-be aggressors, butchers and rapists throughout the world.

The deployment of 100,000 U.S. troops in a foreign land, with deep hatreds and injustices going back centuries, risks an unwinnable quagmire. Trigger-happy hawks think the U.S. military can overcome these problems with more resolve, more firepower and more troops. The reaction of the Bosnian Serbs to stepped-up NATO air attacks—to take 370 U.N. peacekeepers hostage—illustrates that unilateral uses of force always have unintended consequences. But the "multilateral" option is no panacea either.

The limitations of U.N. forces are painfully apparent. Lightly armed blue-helmets, deployed in disorganized small groups with orders to fire only in self-defense, are no match for offensive armies of heavily armed Serbs and Muslims. The U.N.'s recent capitulation—abandoning its defense of Sarajevo in exchange for the Bosnian Serbs' freeing captured peacekeepers—underscores its military weakness. The U.N.'s self-imposed requirement that it will enforce only *negotiated* settlements means that an aggressor can gain a decisive advantage simply by refusing to bargain.

Advocates of isolationism and unilateralism cannot hide their glee that UNPROFOR, the U.N. peacekeeping operation in Bosnia, has been so ineffectual. But what this poor performance really shows is that U.N. operations must be fundamentally reconceived, not abandoned.

Even where belligerents cannot agree, the U.N. should be capable of entering a war zone and enforcing a cease-fire. Within these zones, any weapon would be confiscated and anyone firing or carrying a weapon would risk imprisonment. If shells are lobbed into peace zones from adjacent territories, as has happened repeatedly in Sarajevo, the U.N. should systematically expand the peace-zone perimeters.

With this kind of mission, the United Nations would remain neutral—but not neutered. Peacekeepers would use their weapons not only in self-defense but also to disarm and arrest those violating the cease-fire. If nothing else, this would force combatants to return to the negotiating table, the only place a civil war can ever really be resolved.

Much would have to change for U.N. forces to operate in this way. Instead of relying on ad hoc contributions of troops and weapons from members, the U.N. would need a permanent force of its own, with hundreds of thousands of troops, mandated to be loyal to U.N. commanders. It would have to be heavily armed, backed up by international courts and prisons. All this, of course, would require much more money.

The four countries that control the Security Council with the United States might well resist such a proposal. Britain and France are committed to deploying a new rapid response force for protecting UNPROFOR. Neither Russia nor China has shown much concern about the plight of Bosnian Muslims, and both are sufficiently worried about expanding U.N. powers, at a time when the West dominates the international body, that they abstained on the recent Security Council vote to dispatch the rapid response force.

But as the United States demonstrated during the Gulf War, a determined President does have the power to push recalcitrant nations into action—even for misguided causes like protecting authoritarian sheikdoms—through diplomacy, persuasion, clever linkages, even bribes. The only way to unify the feuding factions within the U.N. behind a serious move for reform is through U.S. leadership. Where is it?

America's shameful inaction is partially the responsibility of the Republicans on Capitol Hill, who want to gut U.S. military and financial commitments to the U.N. But considerable blame also rests with the Ditherer in Chief. Almost three years into his Administration, President Clinton continues to grouse about the limits of the U.N. He has yet to sketch a coherent plan for making U.N. peacekeeping work. If he thinks concurrent reforms in the Security Council and General Assembly are necessary, fine—put them on the table and fight for them too. That's the only way to pre-empt those who are hellbent on destroying the U.N. Why not *lead* the world into transforming the United Nations into a permanent and powerful bulwark against war and genocide, instead of continuing to despair that there are no real options? MICHAEL H. SHUMAN

Michael H. Shuman, director of the Washington-based Institute for Policy Studies, is co-author of Security Without War: A Post-Cold War Foreign Policy *(Westview).*

N.D.P. Stumbles

Toronto

Despite the envy of some U.S. leftists, Canada's third-party alternative, the New Democratic Party, has never been the stuff of ballads and anthems. Still, there was a wistful strain in the defeat of Premier Bob Rae's N.D.P. government by Mike Harris's Progressive Conservatives in Ontario's June 8 elections.

This is the fourth change of government in a decade for Canada's most populous province, now coming full circle by installing a Conservative government for the first time since 1985. But Harris's Tories are not the stolid managers who ran Ontario's "Big Blue Machine" for forty years. The party has remade itself in a manner akin to Newt Gingrich's transformation of the Republican Party. And so, in effect, Ontario has gone from the most avowedly left government in its history to what promises to be its most doggedly right-wing administration.

As Rae's N.D.P. did in 1990, Harris's Tories came from nowhere in the polls to block an expected cakewalk by the

status quo-ite Liberal Party. The abrupt swing dizzied observers. Some called it a tax grab by vengeful suburbanites who don't care that Harris's budget numbers don't add up. Some called it racist, pointing to Harris's support for workfare, "boot camps" for young offenders and the repeal of N.D.P. affirmative action programs. Meanwhile, Harris himself called it what he had been calling it before the campaign even began: "The Common Sense Revolution."

Ironically, Harris may be closest to the truth, but not because his platform makes any sense. Ontario voters may simply be looking for the same thing from Harris they once sought in Rae: government by human beings. Populism, which in Canada was once the purview of the left, has been besmirched and abandoned by the N.D.P. across the country, leaving the field clear for demagogues like Harris, Alberta's populist Tory Premier Ralph Klein and the national Reform Party.

By electing Harris—a former golf pro, ski instructor and school-board leader—voters said that the N.D.P. had turned into an image of the bureaucratic regime it had replaced, with added self-righteousness. They were saying no to more government by lawyers, professors and social workers. Although Harris's rule may actually mean government by bankers and cops, his rhetoric tapped the antiprofessional mood.

People told pollsters that Rae was still the most honest and intelligent candidate for premier, but they didn't feel that his government returned their respect. After a series of minor scandals, a deep recession and a bitter fight over Rae's "social contract" of public-sector cutbacks, the N.D.P. added insult to injury in the second half of its term. Rae introduced buttinsky measures like highway photo radar, under which unmarked vans take covert photos of speeders' license plates; universal, compulsory photo ID cards to reduce health care fraud; raids on welfare recipients to find undeclared spouses; and a cumbersome scheme to monitor companies' minority hirings.

In the end, Ontario residents brought more humor and intelligence to outwitting photo radar than the N.D.P. ever applied to running the province. Rae could have packaged the party's worthy initiatives—anti-scab laws, job creation, incentives for worker co-ops and industrial innovation, community development and environmental restoration—to build sympathy for long-term goals. He could have enacted recommendations from his own Fair Tax Commission and closed loopholes for the rich while giving middle-class voters a break. (The only part of the N.D.P. still politically viable is in Saskatchewan, where Premier Roy Romanow balanced the budget that way and won the June 21 elections handily.)

Most important, after realizing he could not legislate Utopia in five years, Rae could have tried to preserve his fighting spirit, rather than posing as a trapped stoic and lecturing about sharing the pain. Then he might have avoided seeing his few accomplishments dismantled by a horde of naïve salesmen with trickle-down dreams.

Harris's government will be an even bigger cabal of greenhorns than Rae's was—mostly men, nearly all white, largely small-business men. They will bumble as much as the N.D.P. did, and they'll certainly be more corrupt. The pendulum may swing again, and by the elections in 2000, voters may be hungry for a less meanspirited vision of the world.

If so, there will be some wisdom to be drawn from the Ballad of Premier Bob, and not just in Ontario. Unconventional politicians don't have to be Zapatistas, but they do need to fold up the blue suits and pie charts and admit that government—whether left, right, Democrat, French socialist, A.N.C. or N.D.P.—is at most a means to a better society, not a superior form of life.

CARL WILSON

Carl Wilson is a Toronto-based writer, editor and musician who has written frequently on the N.D.P. for The Nation.

Out of East Timor

In a seismic political shift that augurs trouble for General Suharto, the Commander in Chief of U.S. Pacific forces has privately told Congressional officials that the time has come for Indonesia to get out of East Timor. For the past twenty years the United States has helped Jakarta kill Timorese. But now, in the face of growing grass-roots resistance both in Timor and this country, Adm. Richard Macke has concluded that the Timor occupation has become more trouble than it is worth.

According to accounts from officials who have discussed the matter with him—accounts that Admiral Macke, when contacted by *The Nation*, did not deny—Macke told friends on Capitol Hill this May that Indonesia's continued presence in East Timor, long supported and armed by Washington in defiance of the U.N. Security Council resolutions calling on it to withdraw "without delay," has now become a liability. He said that Jakarta's generals should cut their (and Washington's) political losses, pull their troops and allow the Timorese, with U.N. help, to hold a referendum to determine their own political future.

(Macke's office, after a week's delay, issued three one-sentence statements to *The Nation* that sidestepped the question of his private remarks on Timor. The written statements discussed a Macke visit to Indonesia, referred to his public Congressional testimony and said that Macke "as a public official" does not offer personal opinions. When asked directly and repeatedly if Macke was *denying* the Timor comments attributed to him, his spokesman, Col. Joe Chesley, said: "The [written] statements speak for themselves.")

Macke's comments are a major breakthrough because Washington is Suharto's main patron. Though Macke's privately stated views are his own and are not yet official, they indicate that Washington is beginning to feel the heat for its role in Timor.

That is an impressive testament to the heroism of the Timorese, who after twenty years of genocide still resist and organize. Last November, for example, during a regional summit in Jakarta, as uprisings broke out across East Timor, twenty-nine young Timorese stole the stage from Clinton and Suharto by peacefully occupying the U.S. Embassy grounds. Macke's shift also indicates the efficacy of the U.S. grass-roots movement, which has sought to make Washington pay a price for facilitating the genocide. Since the November 12, 1991, Dili, East Timor, massacre, U.S. activists—with bipartisan support in Congress—have won a cutoff of Indonesia's IMET military training aid, blocked a transfer to Indonesia of F-5

fighter planes, reversed the U.S. stand on Timor at the U.N. Human Rights Commission and secured a ban on the sale of small arms to Indonesia. (As one who witnessed and survived the Dili massacre, I fought and lobbied for those changes and continue to work with the grass-roots movement to reverse U.S. policy.) It is precisely in hopes of disposing of such impediments to the larger project of propping up Suharto that Admiral Macke—for one—has decided that, pragmatically, it's easier to set East Timor free. ALLAN NAIRN

Allan Nairn, with Amy Goodman of WBAI/Pacifica, won the R.F.K. and the Alfred I. duPont-Columbia University journalism awards for their coverage of East Timor.

Not for Burning

"Ridiculous," "interminable," President Clinton said recently of death row prisoners' appeals on *Larry King Live*. By the end of the summer, Clinton will almost certainly sign a habeas corpus reform bill as part of the anti-terrorism package, limiting those prisoners to a single appeal within six months of conviction.

But before he lifts his pen, Clinton should meet a man named Joe Spaziano—"Crazy Joe" to headline writers of years past. In 1975 Spaziano, a biker who had served time for rape, was convicted of murdering and mutilating Laura Lynn Harberts and leaving her body in a dump in Seminole County, Florida. This year Spaziano finally reached the end of those interminable appeals. Governor Lawton Chiles signed his death warrant and set June 27 as the execution date.

But there's more to the story. In 1975 the jury found Spaziano guilty on the word of a single witness—an 18-year-old acquaintance named Tony Dilisio, who testified he recalled Spaziano a year earlier describing the murder and location of Harberts's body. Corroboration was scanty and physical evidence nonexistent.

In 1982, Spaziano's ongoing appeal was assigned to veteran public defender Michael Mello. As he looked into Spaziano's conviction he was stunned. The jury was never told that when the police first questioned Dilisio, he was a regular user of hallucinogens and offered only a vague shred of memory. Or that Dilisio's more detailed testimony was extracted by police under hypnosis, by an investigator who suggested crucial facts during the interrogation. Later, police took Dilisio to the dump where the body was found, to "enhance" his memory.

"I have defended close to ninety accused murderers," Mello told me. "Joe was the first I could say with absolute certainty was innocent." In a little over a decade the case went twice to the Supreme Court; each time the conviction was upheld on procedural grounds. A legal system to which Mello had devoted his life seemed to have failed.

Mello finally took Spaziano's case to Gene Miller, a senior editor at *The Miami Herald*. Twenty years ago Miller wrote a book about two black men wrongly sent to Florida's death row. When he cast a skeptical glance at the Spaziano file, he was taken aback: The hypnotist in Dilisio's interrogation was the same one who had railroaded those two innocent black men. With Miller's backing the *Herald* launched a crusade two weeks before the execution date. Reporters tracked down Dilisio, who denied remembering anything at all. They recounted recent research debunking hypnotically induced "recovered memory" testimony in courtrooms—a perspective not available even through most of Spaziano's appeals. Miller shared the story with conservative columnist James Kilpatrick, who wrote that Spaziano's conviction "resounds with doubt" and contributes to Kilpatrick's own "waning confidence in capital punishment." On June 15, Governor Chiles issued a stay of execution.

Mello and Spaziano's other attorneys have asked the governor for clemency, but Chiles could still rescind the stay. In the meantime here's a question Larry King should ask President Clinton: What would have happened to Joe Spaziano had this year's habeas corpus reform been in place in 1975?

BRUCE SHAPIRO

★

An Explanation Of Why Phil Gramm Is Not Doing Well In The Polls

(With thanks and a plate of green eggs to Dr. Seuss)

They do not like you,
Gramm-I-am.
They find you charming
As a clam.

But don't they like my
budget plan?
Do they know what I'd
cut or ban?
They find you love-
able as bran.
If pols were meat, then
you'd be Spam.
They do not like you,
Gramm-I-am.

But don't they know that
I am tough
And I would end this
liberal stuff?
Well, this may sound
a little rough:
They find enough of
you's enough.
They're telling you that
you should scram.
They'd like to send you
to Siam.
They do not like you,
Gramm-I-am.

Calvin Trillin

BEAT THE DEVIL.

Neither 'Left' nor 'Right'

I wrote about the Fully Informed Jury Association a few weeks ago, and since then it's been demoralizing to discover how many liberals and leftists actually fear juries. It's been simultaneously disheartening to find out how many on the liberal/left end of the spectrum hope earnestly for a ferocious pogrom against the militias and all those "linked" to them by the Justice Department, the F.B.I., Congressional committees working along HUAC lines with the full arsenal of conspiracy and RICO laws relentlessly deployed, and, at the end of the day, summary fusillades by government SWAT teams to finish off the dissenters.

To be frank, I'm just about ready (not totally; I am after all on a book tour titled "Left Alive") to junk the whole left/right taxonomy as an impediment to thought and action. Why should we be dominated by a political labeling system based on where people sat in the Constituent Assembly in Versailles in 1789?

Striving to attach dignity and usefulness to the term "left," Steven Lukes wrote an article in the *Times Literary Supplement* for March 27, 1992 ("Essential Socialism and the urge to rectify"), in which he said that coming out of the Principles of 1789 was a left "committed to the progressive *rectification* of inequalities that those on the Right see as sacred, inviolable, natural or inevitable."

To which Perry Anderson, in his introduction to *Mapping the West European Left* (Verso), added this commentary:

> Since each [i.e., the terms "left" and "right"] acquires its meaning only from the other, their values are always relative. Historians speak intelligibly of a left and right not merely within, say, the Labour Party, but in Christian Democracy, or for that matter even fascism. A 'left' could survive within an all-capitalist system that was to the right of anything now considered in the center. Beyond the problem of this topographic mobility, however, lies the logical subordination that a politics of rectification implies—as the etymology of the term itself, involuntary homage to the enemy, indicates. In such a conception, the social fabric is always woven on the right; the left does no more than stretch or mend it.

From there we may travel no further than to Daniel Levitas in *The Nation* for July 10, urging the House to rectify what he regarded as Arlen Specter's feeble performance in his recent Senate Judiciary subcommittee hearing on the militias. Levitas reverently quoted "federal and state law-enforcement officials" as having "unanimously concluded that the militias were 'disturbing and dangerous.' " (Anyone care to glance back to the late 1960s to see who the "law-enforcement officials" were then designating as "disturbing and dangerous"?) He concludes, "If Gingrich & Co. refuse to hold hearings—they prefer to focus on Waco instead—Schumer has pledged to hold his own 'public forum' to investigate the militias. Such a forum is badly needed."

Although at Waco a lot of people died, incinerated and otherwise exterminated by federal law-enforcement officials who deemed them "disturbing and dangerous," I sense in Levitas's reference a muted derision that Gingrich & Co. should thus be occupying themselves with a sideshow. If liberals and leftists hadn't, for the most part, *always* deemed Waco a sideshow and if they'd demanded a proper investigation of federal behavior from the start, we probably would not have seen the federal building in Oklahoma blown up.

So here we have a leftist demanding a witch hunt, amid wild generalizations about the militia movement. For a note of sanity, I recommend a June 25 editorial in *New York Newsday*, well to the "left" of anything *The Nation*'s editorialists have produced, which said of the militias:

> Even the initial suspicions of racism and anti-Semitism don't hold up across the board. . . . And even though militias have their share of white supremacists and separatists, not all of them share those sentiments. Some militia groups have ousted racist members. Others have actively recruited blacks and Hispanics. Some militias are rabidly anti-Zionist but others have recruited Jews. Many militia members are Christian fundamentalists, but a fair share are nonbelievers.

The *Newsday* editorialists did say that militias seem to share "an abiding distrust of federal government, a belief that Congress is enacting laws that subvert the Constitution by gradually taking away all rights to control one's own property and to bear arms"; an "apocalyptic vision of the nation being subjugated to a shadowy one-world government controlled by the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund and multinational corporations and administered by the United Nations and its troops"; and the conviction that "the various recent international trade agreements are . . . proof of the global conspiracy." Plus they have a "distrust of both political parties."

There's not much here to disagree with, except the bit about the one-world government being "shadowy." Considering the amount of publicity given G-7 meetings, summits at Halifax and so forth, I'd say that the one-world government operates under something closely approaching self-imposed sunshine laws. So does this make me left or right? Truth be told, "left" and "right"—the traditional categories of parliamentary elites—have lost their power to motivate and direct political action; they have become scapegoats for all disturbances that might resist the centrist hegemony.

A resurrection of the fifties is going on in the form of all the tributes to Richard Hofstadter's *The Paranoid Style in American Politics* and to *The Authoritarian Personality*, by T.W. Adorno et al. These proposed an analysis in which the American lower orders—including unions—were dangerous, potential Brownshirts restrained only by educated elites of mature judgment.

In the fifties it was the elites of mature judgment who were prompting the C.I.A. to destroy labor movements in the Third World and dislodge populist tribunes of the poor, by murder if necessary. In the nineties the elites increasingly detour democratic process by means of "bipartisan commissions," international "agreements" fast-tracked through Congress, and the

crude disfranchisement of the poor, with "law-enforcement officials" turning growing numbers of them into felons denied the vote.

FIJA and Freedoms

Suffering the general execration of any outfit that might be militia-related is the Fully Informed Jury Association, which, as I wrote last week, demands that juries be informed that their root task is to consult their consciences about the rights and wrongs of the case before them, said task superseding all instructions of the judge.

The Wall Street Journal ran a piece on May 25 by Wade Lambert, saying that FIJA was contaminated with anti-Semitism. I've seen materials from various liberal-cop-type research outfits suggesting the same thing. The charge goes to one particular person, M.J. (Red) Beckman, a tax resister in Montana whose views on jury nullification were influential in the formation of FIJA in the late eighties by two Montana libertarians, Don Doig and Larry Dodge. Some years ago Beckman wrote a book, *The Church Deceived*, which had some undoubtedly anti-Semitic remarks.

Doig points out that FIJA adherents range from strict constitutionalists, property rights organizers, alternative medicine people, tax resisters, antiabortion people through to pro-choice people, prostitutes' rights people, right-to-die people, war tax resisters, freedom-of-religion activists (i.e., Rastafarians), anti-nuclear activists, opponents of motorcycle helmets and espousers of drug law reform: "We certainly repudiate anything resembling anti-Semitism, and of course we have many Jewish members and organizers, same as we have support from N.A.A.C.P. chapters and from CORE. We're trying to hold together an extremely broad coalition. It's always been a problem. The conservatives don't like the fact that accused drug dealers distribute FIJA literature, and the liberals don't like the fact that Second Amendment supporters distribute FIJA literature at gun shows."

As for the militias, Doig said that they are mostly "people looking for peaceful alternatives as a way to get government contained within its constitutional limits, and FIJA seems a powerful means to do this. We do have widespread support within the militia movement. But does that mean we are a tool of the militia movement? Certainly not!"

The Wall Street Journal's piece had the look of a quick, post-Oklahoma hit job. In *The Village Voice*, Jim Ledbetter picked up and repeated the *WSJ* story without doing any independent thinking, part of the mindless policing that had the Montana Human Rights Network, which shares information with the A.D.L., help lobby to death a FIJA bill in the Montana Statehouse. Back on January 4, 1991, the *WSJ* did another long front-page piece about FIJA, by Stephen Adler (subtitle, "Adherents Are a Diverse Lot"), in which nothing about anti-Semitism or Beckman was mentioned. But then, back in 1991, it wasn't necessary to raise fears about a supposed Brownshirt movement in the boonies. And before anyone talks about "angry white men," I should say that *FIJActivist* news photos and listings display many of the organizers to be women, one of whom wrote to the *Journal*, in a letter thus far unpublished, as follows:

> I am a Jewish attorney who supports the Fully Informed Jury Association, which you have implied is anti-semitic. Personally, I was deeply offended on learning of FIJA's association with Red Beckman, and what Mr. Beckman had said of Jewish people. However, it was the WSJ, not FIJA, that chose this individual as the key focus of your article, despite all of the excellent activists, writers, attorneys, and at least one judge, who work with FIJA more closely.
>
> The FIJA organization is heavily supported and influenced by Jews. Had you written an article that highlighted this influence, it would have been more balanced, though it is poor taste to point to religion or ethnicity. With the many other negative statements, it might even have smacked of anti-semitism. Instead, your accusation of anti-semitism, by exaggerating the ties between FIJA leadership and Red Beckman, forces us to say, "Hey wait a minute, we're Jewish," when our religion and ethnicity should be irrelevant.
>
> FIJA's purpose is to restore the full power to the jury that the founders intended when they guaranteed our rights to a jury trial. That is the power to examine not only the facts, but the law, the investigation, the government's position, and whatever else might impact a verdict that is true to one's conscience. FIJA is there for anyone whose rights are trammelled by the government, even anti-semites and white supremacists. That does not mean that we are one and the same.
>
> *Nancy Lord, M.D.*
> *Atlanta, GA*

I talked to Beckman on the phone at some length. His central focus seems to be government's abuse of power via the I.R.S., which he terms a "terrorist" organization. A Christian, he thinks all organized religions and governments use people ruthlessly. He says many adherents of Judaism are slaves of Satan, but he says the same of adherents to other religions, particularly those assenting to a 501(c)3 relationship with the state. He was against the Vietnam War. He says the pendulum swung too far to the left, and people like him are working to stop it swinging too far to the right. He says Hitler was a criminal, Stalin was a criminal, F.D.R. was a criminal, Reagan was a criminal. He thinks the little people always pay. He thinks . . . But, so far as FIJA is concerned, what Beckman thinks and says is not the point. To denounce FIJA because Beckman supports jury nullification is like denouncing the Fifth Amendment because Communists used it in the fifties.

All over America constituencies written off as hopelessly uneducable have been abandoned to their own resources to deal with capital moving abroad. The "farm crisis," "oil politics," NAFTA, the I.M.F. and the World Bank can produce, simultaneously, militias in the United States and Chiapas. I invite the "left" to get off its high horse and re-examine the incredible real-life grass roots' resourcefulness in America; to acknowledge that abandoned constituencies have fallen back on the Bill of Rights, that this turns out to be a pretty good compass; and to think about joining in on the defense of the jury.

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

London

Let no one say that this column has no influence. In "Minority Report" for November 16, 1992, I wrote about the slow meltdown, as Prime Minister and as human being, of Mr. John Major and recommended that he take the traditional Tory and Regimental escape route of ritual suicide. On June 22 he finally accepted my advice. By resigning as leader of the Conservative Party but not as Prime Minister, he has insured either his own destruction or a continued existence in a merely vegetable condition.

Of course, it is amazing on the face of it that the British Tories, who seem to believe that they *own* the country, should take it upon themselves to change the government, on a secret ballot, in the course of an afternoon. But in a country so sodden with deference that even the constitutional reformers of Charter 88 have mewed piteously to the Queen for help, this is perhaps no surprise. What we are seeing, in a miniature replay of Bush v. Gingrich, is the attempt by the right to dump centrist and consensus politics and adopt a free-market, paradoxically isolationist regime. The heirs of Margaret Thatcher are at present divided between the challenger and the challenger-in-waiting. John Redwood, the challenger, is a rather piscine character thought to be good with figures. Michael Portillo, the challenger-in-waiting if things move to a second ballot, is a more robustly xenophobic and demagogic sort, with a populist streak. (Portillo may not sound like a classic Tory name from the City or the shires, but that is because its owner is the son of a prominent Spanish Socialist who bore arms for the Republic in the civil war. The only person to have repudiated socialism more thoroughly is Tony Blair.)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D.B. JOHNSON

Britain has no written constitution, no Bill of Rights entrenched in law and nothing much by way of judicial review. Usually the law is what the establishment says it is. Moreover, a battery of laws governing secrecy and privacy makes it hard if not impossible to bring official wrongdoing to light. And since the government constitutes itself as "the Crown in Parliament," assuming the monarchical prerogative for the purpose of ruling, a party with even a small majority in the Commons need never lose a single vote. This is an impressive set of protections for establishment skulduggery, and has served well in the past. It is therefore rather amazing that, just at this point of political crisis, the United Kingdom should be going through its own micro-version of the Irangate and Iraqgate scandals.

The pattern is very much the same as the American one. Eager both to profit from the Iran-Iraq war and to employ divide-and-rule tactics in the gulf, the British Tories in the early 1980s broke their own sanctions on the export of lethal materials. When challenged on the very few facts that leaked from this enterprise, they lied flat-out, to both Parliament and the press. As a result, the ayatollahs were covertly helped to acquire the makings of a nuclear capacity, the Kurdish people were gassed and poisoned, the Iran-Iraq war was hideously prolonged and intensified, and at the end of the day young British and American soldiers found themselves out in the desert, exhorted by leaders (whom they would have shot if they had known the truth) to extirpate the vile Saddam—the same Saddam who had been armed and fattened by those same leaders. I suppose I'm not so surprised that the American political class managed—with great help from an indifferent media—to suppress and divert the investigation of this chain of events. What I would not have guessed in a thousand years is that in Britain the government would be unable to bury the story. Yet every day on the front page, and every day at parliamentary question time, the whole network of lying and concealment and the whole original plan to arm despotism in the Middle East is exposed more plainly to public view.

The tale has more or less everything, and it closely follows the Washington script. Shipments to Iran, during the embargo, through convenient "third countries." False descriptions of the origin and purpose of shipments. In the case of Iraq, the designation of lethal materials as agricultural or electrical or otherwise as "civilian," in the perfect knowledge of their intended "end-use" (happy phrase). Amazingly, if you want to find out what Reagan and Bush were up to, you have to pick up today's Fleet Street press.

The difference has been made by three details. First, some senior Tories held shares in some of the lying and profiteering companies, which opens the "conflict of interest" flank. Second, a deliberately false account was given to Parliament and, by tradition if not by actual law, anyone detected in the act of lying to the Commons has to go. Third, a British company, Matrix Churchill, was prosecuted for arms sales to Iraq and, though ministers kept quiet and hoped the directors would go to jail, those directors have proved that they were following "government guidelines."

Earlier this year in America, Howard Teicher swore an affidavit that said there had been a conscious Administration decision to arm Saddam Hussein by any means necessary. Since Teicher had also been one of those N.S.C. operatives who took the cake and the Bible to Teheran with Oliver North, and since he could hardly hope to make himself look good by this additional disclosure, there seemed some reason to pay attention to his testimony. But moving with considerable speed, Janet Reno's Justice Department acted to have Teicher's evidence disallowed. The Clintonoids loyally maintain continuity on this point, asserting just as did Bush that the titanic transfers to Iraq through a bank in Atlanta, Georgia, were the work of only a few "rogue" clerks. This cover story has now been definitely blown, in a country that has an Official Secrets Act and no First Amendment. Shame on those in the United States who had the means to find out, and the freedom to do so, and never used either.

SUBJECT TO DEBATE.

KATHA POLLITT

There ought to be a rule that bold proposals for the social and political betterment of mankind be accompanied by explanations of how these ideas will be brought to reality and why, if they're so brilliant and beneficial as all that, they haven't already been implemented. I figure this requirement would put most pundits out of business within weeks, which would be all to the good. Imagine, for example, if the many who facilely advocate adoption over abortion actually had to explain how it would work: where the millions of would-be parents would come from; how women with unplanned pregnancies, who overwhelmingly reject adoption no matter how desperate their circumstances, will be brought to embrace it; how mass adoption will sit with current notions of genetic determinism, father's rights, cultural and racial identity. Are Tennessee Baptists really prepared to see their grandchildren shipped off to be raised by New York Jews—or vice versa? To spell out what it would really involve is to make clear what a crackpot idea it is—which is, of course, why its advocates tend to move right along to the next "thought experiment," like orphanages over A.F.D.C.

But why criticize the right alone? Our own pages are full of visionary schemes. Let's tell Clinton to abolish the C.I.A.! Let's permit noncitizens to vote! Let's raise children to be noncompetitive! Missing is a serious discussion of what organized interests are served by the status quo, how those interests are to be defeated and by whom. Lots of good ideas have no constituency in a position to bring them about: Think of all those Op-Ed articles that crop up every four years advocating the abolition of the Electoral College.

Well, I'm no better than the next pundit, so here's my big idea: Let's get rid of sports. Baseball, basketball, football, boxing—*especially* boxing—tennis, gymnastics, Little League, high school, college, professional, Olympic, the whole schmear. Away with them!

Fans say athletics promote values, and so they do—the wrong values, like the childish confusion of physical prowess with "character" that is such a salient feature of the O.J. Simpson trial. Sports pervert education, draining dollars from academic programs and fostering anti-intellectualism. They skew the priorities of the young, especially the poor, black young, by offering them the illusory hope of wealth and fame. Sports scholarships, often touted as a poor kid's only chance, just mean less money available to other poor kids, like girls, and ones with O.K. grades and no trophies. Besides, without the will-o'-the-wisp incentive of a scholarship, physically gifted kids might not be so ready to blow off their schoolwork. Why not give scholarships for art or music instead?

Although women are becoming more involved in sports, it's still a male world, which actively encourages and protects the worst forms of male privilege and jerkiness. Athletes are disproportionately represented in reported campus sex crimes, and the pros' reputation for violence, against women or otherwise, is legendary. Without sports, we never would have heard of Ty Cobb, O.J. Simpson, Mike Tyson, Billy Martin, Darryl Strawberry.

Being a sports fan is even worse than being an actual athlete, since instead of getting all that exercise, one simply watches TV, punches the chair and curses. But for both fans and players, sports are about creating a world from which women are absent. Men who follow sports, which means most men, have a realm of conversation that allows them to bond across classes effortlessly but superficially. Lefty sports advocates like to tout this cross-class appeal as a virtue—How about those Knicks?—but, even setting aside the fact that it's based on the exclusion of women, why would a leftist think it's good for class divisions to be smoothed over?

Sports fandom trains the young in group identification, passivity, spectatorship and celebrity-worship. I know men whose entire lives are mediated through sports, like my cousin who brings a little TV to family gatherings to catch The Game, or my writing student whose efforts at autobiography consisted entirely of play-by-play of long-ago Little League tournaments. Maybe once, sports functioned as a family, communal activity—the whole town out at the ballpark for a good time. Now it's just another form of isolation: every man in his own living room, staring at the screen. Women who object to pornography should be even more upset about sports. After all, whatever else porn may do, it does encourage sexual interest, which is why couples rent those videos. But sports are basically a way for men to avoid the claims of other people. That's one of several reasons why David ("Fatherless America") Blankenhorn's idea of promoting fatherhood by getting athletes to endorse it is such a joke: A guy who spends half the year on the road with the team pitches family life to men who are watching him expressly because he symbolizes the footloose and fancy-free life.

But what about the game, you cry, the thwack of ball against bat, the arc of football on its way to touchdown, the swish of ball into net? O.K., let's keep sports—but let's have only women play. Women can thwack and throw and swish too, after all. Turning sports over to women would change their meaning—you can't have bimbo cheerleaders if the athletes are women too—and, instead of promoting the worst qualities of men, they'd counteract the worst qualities of women, like defining themselves through men and wearing three-inch fake fingernails.

I know what you're thinking: Sports is a billion-dollar industry, deeply woven into the fabric of American life, avidly followed by millions who would go berserk if deprived. Besides, all-female football wouldn't *be* football. Right. Forget the whole thing. I don't know what came over me. And the next time a pundit comes up with a big idea—Let's bring back shame! Let's not let parents divorce!—you can probably forget that too.

ARTICLES.

TWILIGHT OF THE TITAN

China—the End of an Era

ORVILLE SCHELL

If he does not die in the next few weeks, Deng Xiaoping will turn 91 this August. While he is reported to be so infirm that he can hardly move on his own, the country over which he has presided since returning to power in the late 1970s is very much alive. In fact, winging toward China these days, one has the feeling of approaching a nuclear reactor that is operating over capacity and approaching meltdown. Indeed, flying over Beijing or Shanghai, all that one can usually see is an ominous penumbra of smog emanating from the industrial boom that has gripped this mutant People's Republic since 1992, when Deng gave his people permission to forget politics and focus on getting rich.

I.

Once one is on the ground, the feeling of being in a field of uncontained energy is only heightened. Driving in from the Shanghai airport is like being in one of those American children's workbooks in the thirties that boastfully limned futuristic landscapes filled with belching smokestacks, trains barreling down tracks toward distant horizons, planes zooming overhead and freeways coursing through thickets of skyscrapers. For anyone who knew time-warped China before its bizarre post-Mao metamorphosis began, the country today is an endless series of jolting surprises. Streets are clogged with traffic. There is construction everywhere. Indoor malls with glittering new department stores surge with customers for whom shopping is rapidly becoming the recreational pastime of choice. At night, restaurants are packed with China's new urban middle class raucously eating, drinking and chain-smoking until the air inside turns gray. Outside, the lights from all these restaurants, *karaoke* bars, discos, nightclubs, dance halls and flashing billboards irradiate the polluted darkness with glowing neon until well past midnight.

Nowhere has more money been made than in real estate, a supreme irony given the fact that after "liberation" in 1949 almost all the property now being sold was expropriated by the state from private owners. Now, however, local officials are selling it back again and in the process creating a new class of socialist millionaires and even billionaires, a wealth through which they themselves find nefarious ways to enrich themselves as deals come down. During the past three years Shanghai officials alone have put the land rights of some 600 parcels of land (each approximately the size of a New York City block) on the market. The 520-square-kilometer Pudong Special Zone, which is rising on the east side of the Huangpu River, is an urban development project whose scale is unmatched in world history. As far as the eye can see, there are nothing but crane-topped highrise office and apartment buildings under construction. Already Shanghai boasts Asia's tallest TV tower, one of its biggest and most modern department stores and its newest stock market. In the planning stage is its largest airport. Along the Bund on the west side of the river things are also moving at breathtaking speed. Where the headquarters of Western banks and multinational corporations clustered during the first half of this century, thirty-seven of the city's grandest deco buildings have now been put up for commercial auction. Among those bidding tens of millions of dollars are some of the very foreign firms from which these buildings were originally confiscated. Usually, however, developers simply wreck old edifices and use the land for new and more cost-effective highrise construction. People returning to the city after even a short absence find that houses of friends and relatives, indeed whole neighborhoods, have vanished.

Mao's 'put politics in command' has given way to money-making and hedonism.

Shanghai's People's Square was a Stalinist Platz built in the fifties on the site of what had been the British-run Shanghai Race Club's horse track. The reviewing stands, from which party bigwigs once watched parades of goose-stepping P.L.A. soldiers and phalanxes of marching youths producing totemic images of the revolution like socialist pompom girls at a football stadium, have disappeared. In their stead, a modern office building for the city government has arisen. On the opposite side of the square stands another new construction, which looks something like an ultramodern washing machine, the Museum of Art and History. But it is the parade ground in between where one really feels how China has changed. Its vast emptiness has been torn up and redone—transformed into a neo-Italianate piazza decorated with four enormous metal urns that look as if they have been expropriated from the stage set of an old Victor Mature epic. Courtesy of the party, each afternoon pop music begins to pour out of speakers hidden in these giant urns. As if none of them had been locked up during the Cultural Revolution for their bourgeois habits, flocks of senior citizens materialize and, dressed in long underwear and baggy Mao suits, begin rumba-ing, jitterbugging, tangoing and twisting away as crowds of intrigued gawkers, even some policemen, stare in wonder. One old man was even giving lessons (for a fee, to be sure) to dance-crazed middle-agers whose revolutionarily blighted lives had deprived them of a chance to learn how to shake, rattle and roll.

Orville Schell's last book was Mandate of Heaven *(Simon and Schuster). A longtime China observer, he will be a Freedom Forum senior fellow at Columbia University this fall.*

A walk down Beijing's new "miracle mile" from Tiananmen Square to Jianguomenwai is no less disorienting. Although Mao's famous portrait still hangs on Tiananmen Gate, and the Monument to the Martyrs of the People still stands in front of his mausoleum, things have radically changed. In fact, Mao's most dire fears of revolutionary sellout have come to pass. As he told Edgar Snow in 1965, Mao worried that future generations might "negate the revolution . . . ; make peace with imperialism; bring the remnants of the Chiang Kai-shek clique back to the Mainland and take a stand beside the small percentage of counterrevolutionaries still in the country." Indeed, just behind Mao's mausoleum, as well as on top of Tiananmen Gate, there are now a number of tacky souvenir stands filled with Mao pocket watches, Mao chopsticks, Mao sun-visors, Mao thermometers, Mao pendants and other Mao kitsch.

At the five-star Grand Hotel Beijing, just down the Avenue of Eternal Peace, there is a completely different new ambience. A chamber-music group plays Mozart divertimenti and Strauss waltzes in a swank upstairs restaurant where entrepreneurs in double-breasted suits make deals over cellular flip-phones. A little farther along the avenue the unmistakably American aroma of burgers and fries wafts from the world's highest-volume McDonald's outlet, which sits astride an intersection where protesters were gunned down by the P.L.A. on June 4, 1989.

One could not have guessed from the size of the crowds inside this spanking-new McDonald's that it and the surrounding neighborhood are both slated to be turned into a new commercial and residential development, the $2.1 billion Oriental Plaza, funded by Hong Kong mega-magnate Li Kashing along with Goldman Sachs. So lucrative was the new deal on this prime piece of real estate that Beijing officials insouciantly ripped up the fast-food giant's twenty-year lease, forced thousands of residents from their homes and then approved the plaza's building permit even though it violated height restrictions just passed by the National People's Congress. (In the words of Liang Congjie, a preservationist critic fighting to stop the colossal project, "The plaza will make the Forbidden City look like a toy town in comparison.") The cavalier way in which the McDonald's contract was abrogated provided stark evidence to overseas investors eager to break into the country's market of how poorly rooted the rule of law still is in China.

Nowhere is the change gripping this city more obvious than in the half-square-mile area between the Beijing train station and the old imperial observatory. For centuries, this district was part of a maze of *hutong* (alleys) that veined Beijing. Sequestered from the outside world behind high walls and closed gates, the traditional-style *siheyuan* (courtyard houses) that honeycombed these alleys helped give the city much of its distinctive feel. Even after the houses fell into ruin during the Mao era, there was still something about leaving the hurly-burly of the city and entering their labyrinthine universe that was unlike any other urban experience in the world. When walking nearby, in the past I frequently found myself taking detours through these *hutong* just to enjoy the refuge they afforded from the noise and car exhaust of Beijing's charmless boulevards. It is indicative of Deng's own traditionalism that instead of living in the grandeur of the Zhongnanhai leadership compound next to the Forbidden City he too chose to live in a *hutong*. However, on a recent walk from the train station, I was stunned to find not only that this neighborhood had been obliterated but that colossal new office buildings and shopping malls have already erupted out of the rubble.

In this erstwhile Maoist redoubt where once all good comrades "put politics in command," they now wave off mention of anything political as if it were an offensive odor, the better to get back to making money and enjoying themselves. Even government officials and state-employed professionals are looking for ways to *xiahai* (jump into the ocean of commerce). China's reawakening to the profit motive has all the madcap

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

energy of adolescents discovering their sexuality. In the past year, the number of private businesses in China has increased by more than a third. Doctors at state-run hospitals moonlight in private clinics doing everything from treating venereal diseases to performing cosmetic surgery (including sex-change operations). Low-paid teachers are defecting to new private schools. State-run research institutes are clamoring to set up labs, commercial think tanks and consulting services. Even the bureaus of Culture and Religious Affairs are busy *xiahai*-ing, converting their real estate—even parts of museums and churches—into money-making furniture showrooms, video parlors, cabarets and pool halls. In Shanghai, officials from the Bureau of Religious Affairs have even rented out the Mission Russian Orthodox Church to a stock-brokerage firm and a disco.

Everyone is looking for a way to get rich lest this bubble of opportunity suddenly burst. Nowhere is the obsession with private wealth and materialism more vividly illustrated than in China's new, officially sanctioned love affair with the automobile. Since 1949, autos have been reserved for high-ranking party cadres and official business. Last year, however, the government designated automobile manufacturing a "pillar industry" and approved plans not only to create a low-cost "family mini-car" but to develop ways to make bank loans and installment-payment plans available so that more Chinese can become car owners. Such grand plans have created a sense of urgency approaching panic among foreign car manufacturers hungrily eying China as the next century's great untapped market. Never mind the fact that there are few roads and less parking, and that China's cities are already suffocating in exhaust from gasoline that is still leaded.

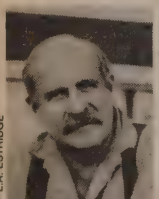
'Seek Enjoyment'

China, which for so many years sternly commanded its people under penalty of persecution to sacrifice for the future, has now been reborn as an epicenter of a new Asian hedonism. Nowhere is this hedonistic urge to *zhaole* (seek enjoyment) more starkly manifest than in the fixation of Chinese on pop culture, particularly music and dancing. Not only are senior citizens dancing away their golden years in public plazas but China's youth have become slavishly devoted to disco and Karaoke Kultur. New York, one of Shanghai's newest and most luxurious nightspots, ensconced in an old 1930s theater, features svelte young female ticket-takers in garbage-bag plastic dresses or miniskirts. Most of its habitués are dressed to kill. Young men favor double-breasted suits accessorized with beepers and flip-phones holstered at their sides, and young women are coiffed, made up and turned out in clothing that puts most American youths to shame. Once such a fixation on the self would have guaranteed a one-way ticket to the gulag; now narcissism is flaunted with ostentatious abandon as the hallmark of success. No one bats an eye when film star Chen Chong, known as Joan Chen in Hollywood, "launches" a new perfume line called "Little Flower" after her very first screen role. In fact, "on assignment" at her press conference at the Shanghai Mansions were reporters from none other than the *People's Daily* (the Communist Party's main propaganda organ) and *Liberation Daily* (mouthpiece of the Shanghai Municipal Communist Party).

From the inside of other famous Shanghai nightspots such as the Casablanca, J.J.'s and the Shanghai Moon Club, which have financial backing from the Chinese military and public security establishments, one feels as if one is back in the twenties and thirties, when taxi girls and prostitutes made Shanghai "an adventurer's paradise." Once again, young women sashay each night into the city's clubs to dance and feed their expensive habits in clothes, cosmetics and consumer goods by selling their bodies to wealthy local millionaires and overseas businessmen. Many of the latter no longer troll nightclubs for sex, but keep a "second wife" in an apartment or hotel room for the sake of convenience.

The dizzying succession of contrary "correct lines" that has presaged these changes has made it almost impossible for Chinese to imbue their past with any coherence. The result has been a tendency to want to escape from history. So resistant are most people to recalling where they as a society have been and where they are going that it often seems as if their present fever to produce and consume is as much a quest for an anesthetic to numb the reflective impulse as an urge to make up for lost time. Finding themselves caught between the catastrophe of Mao's revolution and the uncertainty of Deng's ongoing "counterrevolution" (as some wags call it), they have responded not with an effort to understand how they have arrived at this state of precarious ambiguity but with a wave of national amnesia. Ever fearful of interpretations that might undermine its infallibility and authority, the party has, of course, aided this mass forgetting by putting much of the past out of bounds. At the same time, uncertainty about what tomorrow holds and a widely held feeling of powerlessness to affect the political course of events has caused most Chinese to avoid thinking about the future, much less doing anything to try to influence it. Despite the fact that Deng has been grandly dubbed the "general architect" of China's evolving society, even his own conception of China's future has been strikingly vague. "We are crossing the river by feeling our way over the stones," he has proclaimed with some bravado.

Such ahistoricism is, of course, a great paradox for a people who have been traditionally so enamored of their past and the way their millennia of uninterrupted culture have con-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ferred both a sense of gravity to the present and continuity to the future. For the moment, the excitement of the marketplace and of being able to indulge in purely recreational activities has created a Chinese version of *carpe diem.* The haze that envelops and blurs so much of the urban landscape is an all too apt metaphor for the reluctance of this society and its government to reflect lucidly on where it has come from, much less where it is headed.

II.

One does not have to be in China long to become aware that beneath the surface of this frenzy of commerce and self-indulgence another drama is being played out. This involves a shadowy power struggle by party rivals who know they do not have much time now before 90-year-old Deng "goes to meet Marx" [see Jonathan Mirsky, "It's Purge Time in Beijing," June 19]. The recognition that soon China will no longer have a "big leader" at the helm to steady its often erratic course creates a dissonant background hum behind the economic miracle that is unsettling to anyone who allows himself to hear it. As dissident astrophysicist Fang Lizhi recently warned, "We must remember that the most typical source of chaos in a monolithic, totalitarian state is the power struggle among top leaders for succession. It is a dangerous game without regulation." It is the virtual inevitability that such a struggle will take place sometime after Deng dies that makes efforts to ignore the future so futile.

"He's just like a candle burned down to the last little stub so that any small breeze can snuff him out," a friend in Beijing who is an intimate of one of Deng's doctors recently told me. "There's no telling how long they can keep those old guys going on Chinese herbs and breathing machines. What's important is to be able to say that a leader is technically still alive to avoid a scramble for power."

Gossip about Deng's health and rumors of his imminent demise have been sweeping the capital for months and causing manic fears for China's stability. The last time he was seen in public was during the 1994 Chinese New Year, when Central Chinese Television (CCTV) showed him on tape for a few minutes. Chinese political spin doctors probably hoped that by simply producing Deng's live remains they would allay fears that his reign was nearing an end. What appeared on the screen, however, was not so reassuring. Viewers saw a palsied old man staring blankly off into space, doddering forward between two supporting aides. Of course, when he failed to make even a cameo appearance this past New Year, people took it as an even worse sign. Last fall, just as the *People's Daily* was trumpeting that "our Party has already victoriously completed the transfer of power to the current President and Party chief Jiang Zemin," more hearsay about Deng's poor health sent the Shanghai Securities Exchange plummeting some 40 percent. When a Foreign Ministry spokesman insisted that Deng was fine, the volatile exchange shot up 36 percent. But then, when Hong Kong papers reported Deng in a coma this January, the Hang Seng Index took a similar dive.

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'Although Mao unified China, history will hold Deng up to be every bit as great.'

After surviving almost a century of Chinese history, Deng is now very deaf and variously said to be suffering from Parkinson's disease, kidney failure, the effects of several strokes and/or prostate, pancreatic and testicular cancer. He is currently believed to be lying barely conscious in Military Hospital 301. By using his enormous personal prestige as a leader, Deng has been able to balance different interests and factions against one another and thus avoid major breakdown at the top. So important has Deng's role been in maintaining the status quo that many would welcome almost any subterfuge delaying the day when the leadership has to reconfigure itself. There have even been rumors that if he dies at a particularly sensitive political moment, "relevant authorities" might withhold news of his death until a more propitious time. When Deng's main rival, the 90-year-old Chen Yun, died this April, it took authorities almost two days to make an announcement.

The Mystique of Power

Deng's success as a "big leader" has grown out of his long tenure as a veteran revolutionary, which included a stint in the Shanghai underground during the twenties, the Long March in the thirties and his role as a military commander in the Civil War against Chiang Kai-shek in the forties. More recently, his mass appeal was reinforced by his practical bent. When in 1978 he proclaimed, "Our motto is 'Less talk, more action,' " he summed up the essence of his pragmatism. But even in the early sixties he was dropping such adages as, "Black cat, white cat, it's a good cat as long as it catches mice." After twice being deposed by Mao for such heretical sentiments, he finally returned to power in 1978. "Not only did he start the reform process in 1979, [he] restarted it in 1992, thereby irrevocably changing the whole direction of China," reminds Larry Lau, a Stanford economist. "Although Mao unified China, I think history will hold Deng up to be every bit as great."

Deng's effectiveness has also borrowed heavily from the tradition of bygone emperors who relied on detachment and seclusion to spin a mystique of power around their rule. Like

Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor in *The Brothers Karamazov*, Deng has ruled by the three powers of miracle, mystery and authority. When a Foreign Ministry spokesman was recently asked at a press briefing how and where Deng was, the answer was characteristically enigmatic: "Mr. Deng Xiaoping is wherever he is."

Unlike Mao, Deng has steadfastly eschewed the titles of premier, president, or party general secretary. When he visited the United States in 1979 to normalize relations, he was just a lowly vice premier. In fact, since 1993, when he gave up his position as chairman of the powerful Central Military Commission, Deng's only title has been president of the All-China Bridge Association. "Shunning grandiose titles only lent him a greater air of mystery and invincibility," writes M.I.T. political scientist Lucien Pye. "People were thus free to imagine him as being truly omnipotent, far more in command than if his powers were only those assigned to a particular position or job." Since Deng's authority had such an insubstantial institutional basis, foreign journalists were left scratching their heads for a shorthand way to convey the eminence of this man who ran China's politics from behind the scenes. They finally settled on the suitably vague but evocative "China's paramount leader."

If ruling ex officio has served Deng admirably, it has served his country less well. By allowing so much authority to reside in the hands of an uncrowned and unelected patriarch, institutional and legal structures were never able to come into their own. But what Deng wanted for China was not political democracy but the dream of nineteenth-century reformers: *fuqiang* (wealth and power). By holding the reform of China's political system hostage to his own whim even as he spurred the country to new heights of economic development, Deng has kept his country in a state of arrested political development. Moreover, with him alive, other party leaders have remained fearful of making major decisions that might prove a liability to them in the post-Deng scramble for power.

Struggling to Succeed

Deng's current anointed successor is Jiang Zemin, a 69-year-old electrical engineer who was sent to the Soviet Union as a student in the fifties and became the mayor and party chief of Shanghai in the eighties. Jiang's problem is not that he is actively disliked but that ordinary people don't really care about him. Viewing him as belonging to the "wind faction," which blows without conviction according to the prevailing political breezes, they treated his enthronement the way employees of a family-owned company might acquiesce in the appointment of the boss's lackluster son as C.E.O. To compensate for his deficit of political magnetism, Deng got Jiang appointed to an embarrassing abundance of official posts. Currently, he is party general secretary, president, Politburo member, member of the Standing Committee of the Politburo, chairman of the Central Military Commission, head of the Central Financial and Economic Group and head of the Central Taiwan Work Group, just to name a few. As the "core" of the party's central leadership, allies have also tried to fan

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to flame a mini-cult of personality by, among other things, releasing a painted poster bearing the inscription "Glad and at Ease" that shows an avuncular Jiang standing solicitously behind Deng.

Such efforts, however, are dubiously effective. In China, what is important for a leader is not simply his position and titles but how others assess the clout of his *guanxi* (network of personal relationships) through which political business is really transacted. While it is true that Jiang's "Shanghai clique" has become increasingly powerful on the Politburo, what he lacks are the strong ties to the military that Deng forged over half a century of soldiering. So it came as no surprise when Jiang recently launched his "Thousand Generals Program" and began pinning medals on a newly promoted crop of young Army officers and installing loyalists in the upper ranks of the 800,000-strong People's Armed Police, the national police force that was hastily beefed up after 1989. As Mao learned after the Cultural Revolution and Deng learned in 1989, the military is the last line of defense for a politically besieged party leader. With the central party's discipline failing and regionalization of the country advancing due to the power of booming local economies, the military is one of the last national institutions that remains intact, and it could end up as the key arbiter in any post-Deng power struggle.

Even in the military, however, the situation is in flux. Although Jiang tirelessly emphasizes the need to "uphold the party's absolute leadership over the army," with military units also becoming ever more deeply involved in commerce (through investments in commercial projects such as hotels, nightclubs, arms trading and even in companies pirating foreign CDs and computer programs), it is harder than ever to predict whether, despite the frequency with which they are rotated, regional commanders will be loyal to the party if political push once again comes to shove.

While the party likes to speak of its central leadership as if it were a coherent structure with Jiang Zemin at its core, it is actually composed of a nebulous welter of rival factions that serve as a chaotic substitute for political parties. Each faction has its putative leaders whose political differences tend to center around their differing views on the pace of reform and the degree to which the party should relax ideological and social controls. Those who view further opening up to the outside world and continued economic liberalization as essential to China's development are generally referred to as "reformers," while leaders who are more ideological and unwilling to see China drift too far from its revolutionary moorings are referred to as "hard-liners." The hard-liners, who tend to view many of Deng's economic reforms as a betrayal of Mao's revolution, have lost influence over the past decade and a half. Nonetheless, they continue to exert real power within the party and the army, especially during times of uncertainty or incipient crisis, when they are not averse to exploiting patriotic sentiment, even to inciting xenophobia, to gain mass support.

Every tea-leaf reader in China is, of course, trying to figure out who will inherit the mantle of leadership after Deng's death. It is a measure of how uncertain things are that "China experts" have no consensus about how the cards of leadership will ultimately get reshuffled. If Jiang Zemin fails to hang on, the enigmatic National People's Congress president, Qiao Shi—who is being touted by some observers as a closet liberal, although his elusive political predilections make him seem more a Chinese Colin Powell than anything else—could pick up the reins. Then again, if there is an economic crisis, the heirs of Chen Yun's hard-line legacy may be able to regain substantial influence, as they did after the Tiananmen uprising. Or if the political jousting really begins to threaten the status quo, the military will perhaps be provoked into staging a countercoup under 88-year-old former general, president and Deng ally Yang Shangkun. If the whole situation really begins to unravel and if pressure to reverse the verdict on the 1989 protest movement mounts, it is even possible that Zhao Ziyang, the 77-year-old former premier and party chief (still under modified house arrest for his pro-student position in 1989) could be summoned back to head a caretaker government.

Not to be forgotten in any post-Deng power struggle are the so-called *taizidang* (prince faction), who have parlayed their privileged positions as children of high-ranking party leaders into fortunes stashed in foreign bank accounts and into behind-the-scenes political power. Some are even said to have lofted rumors about Deng's poor health just to send the stock market into a tailspin so they could capitalize by buying low and then selling high when, a few days later, their rumors were officially denied and the market rebounded. The backbone of a new crypto-capitalist authoritarianism, the *taizidang* are united only by their unwillingness to see the status quo and their privileged positions disturbed. Deng's own daughter Deng Rong, who came to New York this past March to promote her book *Deng Xiaoping: My Father* and attend a series of international coming-out parties in her honor hosted by the likes of Alexander Haig and Rupert Murdoch, is per-

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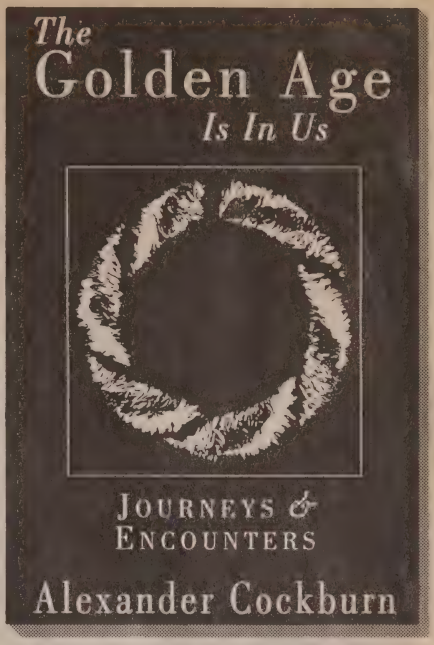

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Nothing illustrates the politically unpredictable nature of things better than two recent votes in the National People's Congress, which has usually acted as a rubber stamp for decisions already handed down by key leaders. First, over a third of the delegates refused to vote for Jiang Chunyun, a newly designated vice premier who was supported by Jiang Zemin despite evidence of massive corruption in Shandong Province when he was governor there. Several days later, the Congress again reasserted itself when 661 delegates defiantly refused to vote for a new education law and almost a third of them failed to support a new banking law. These were such unexpected signs of life in the Congress that the *Beijing Youth Daily* facetiously compared them to a Chinese scientist's recent discovery of DNA traces in a 65-million-year-old dinosaur egg.

To cap off the unprecedented week, N.P.C. vice chairman Tian Jiyun proclaimed to delegates from Guangdong Province that "comrades serving the N.P.C. have not been courageous enough. They have been afraid of offending other people." Then, president Qiao Shi seemed to expand the boundaries of permissible political dialogue with a closing speech that attacked "lawless government cadres" and insisted that China could only consider itself truly modernized when it was ruled by law rather than by personality. In another telling statement, he also declared that the N.P.C., because its power derived from the 1982 Constitution, should be viewed as a "primary" rather than "secondary" government institution.

Industrial Dinosaurs

Whether this trend toward greater parliamentarian independence continues or not, the terms of the political leadership game in China could radically change when the last titans of the revolution die. At the very least, it is doubtful that any successor will be able to write his will so grandly on China's history. Instead of shaping history, Mao and Deng's successors seem destined to be shaped by it and by the grave problems that have been ineluctably arising as a result of economic reform.

Perhaps the most refractory problem China faces is the more than 100,000 state-owned enterprises (S.O.E.s), two-thirds of which fail to turn a profit. Despite the fact that their losses amount to between 2.4 and 5.3 percent of the gross domestic product and necessitate huge government subsidies (draining around 70 percent of state investment funds), that the output value of S.O.E.s has recently fallen below 50 percent of the country's total and that the World Bank has called them the country's "underlying structural problem," the Communist Party continues to cling to the notion of state ownership of "the means of production," especially of heavy industry. After all, if party leaders cannot claim to be implementing some kind of socialism—Deng's term of choice is "socialism with Chinese characteristics"—what rationalization do they have for continuing their authoritarian rule?

The most hopeful strategy for resolving the problem is for the state to find foreign joint-venture partners for money-losing factories. But few foreign C.E.O.s want to make matches with Chinese enterprises that are badly managed, burdened with outmoded technology, overstaffed with unproductive workers who cannot be fired for incompetence and weighed down by large rolls of retirees on pension. The alternative is to activate the bankruptcy law that has been on the books, although largely unused, since 1986. However, party officials are loath to strip members of the proletariat of their jobs, housing, health care benefits and pensions not simply because such actions would appear brazenly un-Communist but because they fear what is known as the "Polish disease": the convergence of labor unrest with growing dissatisfaction among dissident intellectuals that could lead to a Solidarity-type protest movement. Last June the official *Market News* admitted that in 1993 alone there had been 12,358 significant labor disputes between factories and workers, many of whom have been fired or *xiagang*ed (put on partial salary).

So desperate have some Chinese officials become to relieve their ministries of the burden of failing S.O.E.s that they have sometimes ignored the niceties of the party's ideological commitment to state ownership. Last September, for example, the vice minister of the State Economic and Trade Commission went so far as to urge some local cadres to simply cut off supplies of power and raw materials to S.O.E.s that did not shape up and become self-reliant.

Masses and Classes

As a result of all the economic changes, China's once relatively stable social structure is rapidly changing. While some people are getting fabulously wealthy and creating a whole new myth of prosperity, others, especially those living on state pensions and fixed incomes, are having trouble even keeping up with an inflation rate that has been hovering around 20 percent. Party leaders vividly remember the unrest that resulted after the inflation rate rose to 19 percent in 1988. The way the country's once largely classless society has been delaminating is deeply disturbing, particularly to old revolutionaries who still remember Marx's warning in *The Communist Manifesto* about "society splitting into two great hostile camps." As early as 1993, some 4.3 million people saw their incomes skyrocket to twelve times the urban average and thirty-two times the rural average, while at the same time another 400 million people suffered a decline.

Nowhere has the income gap widened more rapidly than between the urban and backward rural areas. In 1994, annual urban income was 3,150 yuan ($373) per capita, while rural

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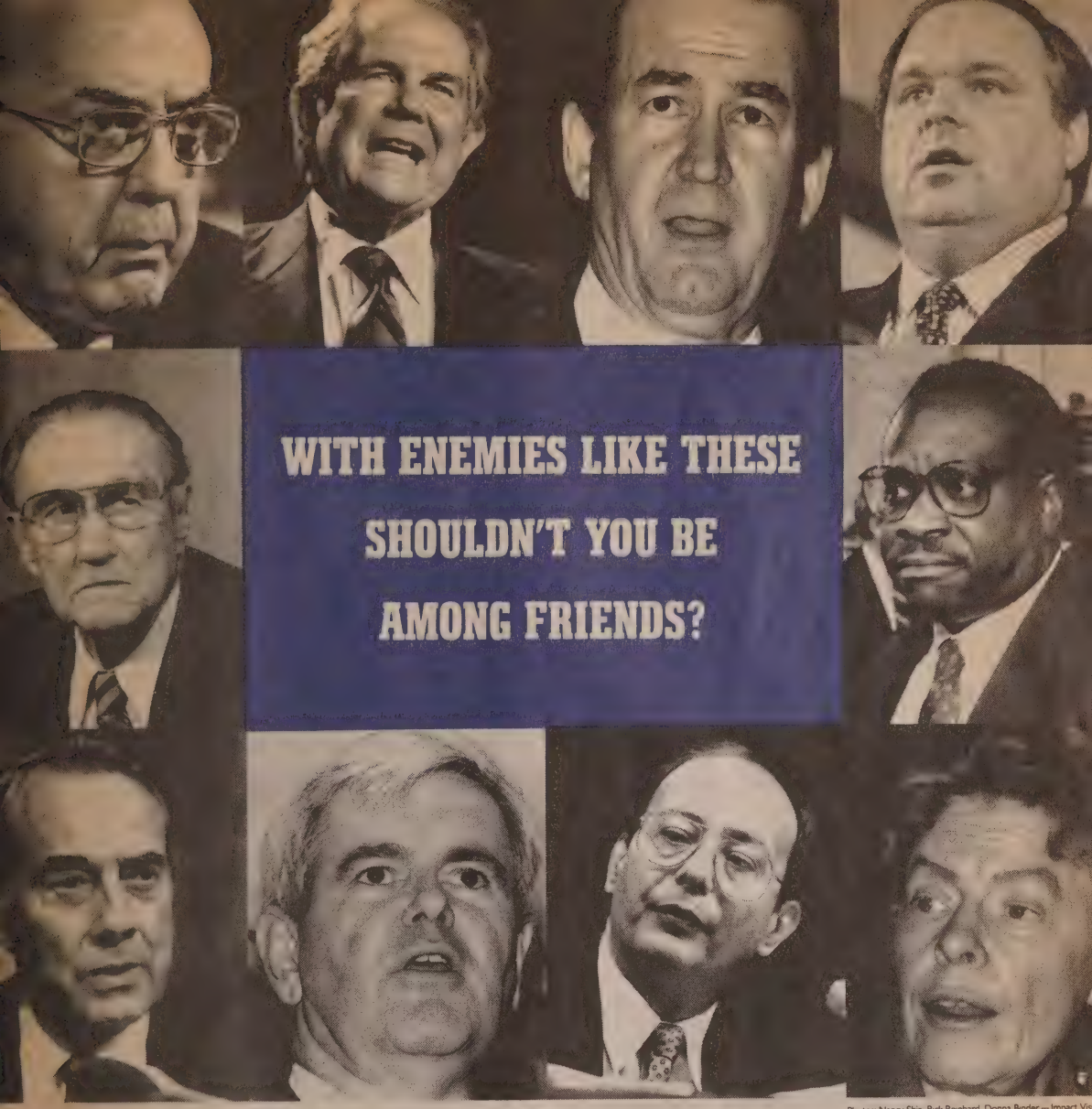

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income was only 1,200Y ($142). And with the government keeping the price at which it purchases agricultural commodities artificially low, with venal local officials imposing more and more arbitrary taxes and levies, and with inflation driving up the cost of farm implements, fertilizers and insecticides, the temptation for peasants to leave for the city and become part of the *liudong renkou* (floating population) has steadily increased. Some 100 million people (almost 10 percent of the country's population) are now officially estimated to have moved from the countryside to the city in what has quietly become the largest mass migration in recent human history. As China's overall population is increasing by some 12 million a year, the amount of arable land continues to shrink because of all the new factories, industrial parks, golf courses, housing developments and highways. Experts predict that another 100-200 million peasants could easily become surplus rural laborers in the near future.

Beneath the official version of China's miracle lies a darker subtext of corruption.

Nowadays railroads are so crowded with "floaters" that lavatories and luggage racks are often occupied by passengers. The neighborhoods surrounding train and bus stations often look like urban refugee centers as thousands of new arrivals are forced to camp out there because they have nowhere else to go. At best, they end up in shantytowns and find jobs doing piecework in factories, toiling as day laborers on construction sites, serving as domestics or, if they're young and female, working in China's burgeoning sex industry, which many still find better than rural life.

While these migrants do deliver a virtually unlimited supply of cheap labor to China's dynamic coastal economy and send significant funds back home to poor rural areas, floaters have not only strained municipal services to the limit but are seriously undermining the government's ability to carry out such crucial national programs as its "one family, one child" policy. Even more worrisome to China's leaders is the rising crime rate caused by this migration. The papers are filled with crime statistics, but every now and again one comes across something that hammers home how things have broken down. A poll recently conducted by a Beijing radio station revealed that 80 percent of respondents claimed that someone in their family had had a bicycle stolen over the past year, a major crime in a society in which ordinary people are dependent on bikes for basic transportation. In large cities, floaters now account for between 40 and 80 percent of all convicted criminals.

Crime à la Mode

Lawlessness is not, of course, limited to floaters. There has been a tenfold rise in overall criminal activity since Deng's reforms began shaking up Chinese society in 1979. Hardly a day goes by that one does not read in the papers about such things as counterfeiters printing fake currency and securities; con men setting up phony banks with forged documents; syndicates kidnapping young women to sell as wives, concubines or prostitutes; pornographers with computerized production and distribution networks becoming millionaires; drug traffickers supplying domestic and world markets with heroin; weapons merchants peddling guns to gangsters; and criminal rings making fortunes selling everything from fake medicine to the blood of children, who are rounded up in the countryside and then "milked" like dairy cows. Thieves have even stolen thousands of manhole covers from the streets of Beijing for resale as scrap iron!

To make matters worse, it is increasingly difficult to distinguish police from criminals dressed up as police to fool their victims. During a recent crackdown in Henan Province, out of thirty-eight uniformed officers checked in the street, only seven turned out to be legitimate officers of the law. Moreover, many real police have become more dedicated to graft, collecting bribes and racketeering than to the suppression of crime. Officers in local bureaus of the Ministry of Public Security (China's secret police), for instance, are renowned for demanding bribes from ordinary citizens before issuing such crucial documents as passports or releasing inmates from prison. They are also widely rumored to be raking in huge payoffs from protection schemes for *karaoke* bars, nightclubs, massage parlors and brothels in cities like Shenzhen and Shanghai. They are even reported to be taking payoffs in return for giving hospitals access to organs extracted from executed prisoners for transplants [see Aryeh Neier, "Watching Rights," June 12].

Rot at the Top

Without a free press, most major instances of high-level government corruption are never exposed. Sometimes, however, an instance of official corruption on a staggering scale reveals itself. Take the case of Li Min, deputy chief of Beijing's municipal State Security Bureau, China's C.I.A. He was recently arrested for the role he and his bureau played in the bogus Xinxing Industrial Company, which, before it got busted, bilked some 3.2 billionY ($380 million) from government and private investors by promising them annual returns as high as 50 percent.

Beneath the official storybook version of China as an economic miracle lies a darker subtext of corruption permeating all levels of government and life. The situation is so bad that in 1993 Deng himself was quoted in the *People's Daily* as decrying the way China has become "dominated by corruption, embezzlement and bribery." Although the party has sponsored numerous "anti-corruption campaigns," they have focused almost exclusively on making examples of low-level officials—what the Chinese refer to as "scaring the monkey by killing the chicken." However, after a February Cabinet meeting at which Premier Li Peng warned that corruption was "a life and death" struggle in which the party could "lose the trust of the people," something unprecedented began to happen. Suddenly the anti-corruption effort began to topple some very high-ranking figures. Their fall suggested that the post-Deng power struggle had begun to break out into the open,

albeit in a somewhat oblique and mysterious form.

First to fall was Zhou Beifang, who was arrested for "serious economic crimes." Zhou was chairman of Shougang Concord Holdings in Hong Kong and son of Deng's old comrade-in-arms Zhou Guanwu, who was himself chairman of the state-owned behemoth Capital Iron & Steel Works. One of Zhou the Younger's business cohorts in Hong Kong was none other than Deng's son, Deng Zhifang. Moreover, one of his main investors was Li Ka-shing, the billionaire who was also constructing the mammoth $2.1 billion Oriental Plaza in Beijing, which was slated to devour McDonald's.

It wasn't long before a secretary of Beijing Vice Mayor Zhang Baifa became enmeshed in the investigation as well, suggesting that whatever tectonic political orogeny was taking place, the shock waves were spreading. Then in early April, another Beijing Deputy Mayor, Wang Baosen, who headed the municipal planning commission, had his chauffeur drive him out toward the Great Wall to the outskirts of town, where he unceremoniously blew his brains out. Although his death received only the most cursory announcement in the New China News Agency, word quickly spread over the *xiaodao xiaoxi* (back-alley news), filling the city with rumors of shady real estate deals, including the official permission given to the Oriental Plaza despite the fact that it violated recently passed height limitations on new buildings. Soon, there was even speculation that Wang might have been murdered to protect higher-ups who were implicated in a far larger web of corrupt deals.

What all this meant and whether further accusations would follow was not completely clear. However, such unusual public manifestations of high-level intrigue suggested big maneuverings beneath the surface. In the recent past, anti-corruption drives have come and gone without disturbing the veneer of high-level unity. But this spring, Jiang, who had been building up files on his rivals' involvement in corruption, started using this information both as a political weapon and as a way to gain public support for his leadership. When hard-line Beijing party chief Chen Xitong, who had been a militant supporter of suppressing student protesters in 1989 and whose personal secretary was already under arrest, was forced to resign and was put under house arrest in late April, it began to look as if Jiang, who as mayor had avoided violence in Shanghai, was trying to project himself as being more self-assured by taking such resolute, independent and, as it turned out, popular action because it seemed to attack corruption. Some even suggested that by arresting Chen, Jiang was also trying to distance himself from the 1989 massacre in anticipation of the "verdict" on it as a "counterrevolutionary rebellion" being reversed, a hypothesis that seemed all the more plausible after he also visited the grave of Hu Yaobang, the former party leader whose death presaged the protest movement and whose career has since become a symbol of unsullied public service.

"Sure, something's happening," one Chinese friend laughingly told me. "If they arrested every corrupt official, there would be no government left." But still, something had to be done. As Fang Lizhi recently observed, "For anyone who knows China's long history of collapsed dynasties and upheavals triggered by corruption, there can be little comfort in the belief that the most pervasive corruption in our history will somehow, this time, result in enduring stability."

Marx Meets Confucius

Corruption is just the most obvious expression of a deeper malady that now grips Chinese society. Changes have come so precipitately and suddenly that few people have a sense any longer of what they believe in, whether traditional Confucian values, revolutionary Maoist values or some sort of East-West amalgam. The result is a normative vacuum in which no one seems to know what it means to be "Chinese." As the rock star Cui Jian sings on his recent album *Eggs Under the Red Flag*, "Money is fluttering in the wind. We have no ideals." A Chinese writer friend put it even more bluntly: "All that is left uniting us is greed."

To fill this void, the party Central Committee launched a propaganda campaign last October calling for a mind-numbing "great new undertaking to build a political party of Marxism which is armed with the theory of building socialism with Chinese characteristics; serves the people wholeheartedly; is fully consolidated ideologically, politically, and organizationally; can stand the test of all hazards; and which always advances ahead of the times." As part of this campaign, cadres from government organizations were required to spend a week at a party school studying *The Selected Works of Deng Xiaoping*. "You don't have to listen, but you can't go to sleep either," commented a friend who works for a state trading company. "We even had to write papers, but it doesn't matter what you write because even the teachers don't bother to read them!"

At the same time the party launched a crusade to revive Confucianism. On the occasion of the sage's 2,545th birthday, last October, a conference of some 300 scholars from

twenty countries was dutifully convened. For the Communist Party to rehabilitate Confucius, whom it had formerly reviled as a degenerate apostle of China's exploitative feudal society, was an act of unsurpassed opportunism. After all, Confucius was a political philosopher who stressed the traditional virtues of rank, obedience and harmony rather than the Maoist virtues of equality, revolution and class struggle. Moreover, while Deng had proclaimed that "to get rich is glorious," Confucius had held commerce and merchants in distinctly low esteem. "It is shameful," he said, "to make gain your sole object, irrespective of whether the *dao* prevails in the state or not." This was hardly a testimonial for the kind of rapacious capitalism that Deng has unleashed. And if initiators of this revival thought the Confucian emphasis on orthodoxy, authority and social harmony might help them thwart China's dissident movement, they were ignoring another seminal tenet of this traditional doctrine, which teaches that only when leaders are benevolent and just should the people submit to their rule.

Laissez-faire economics coexist with the old Leninist political system.

Coming at a time when most people were yearning to indulge their basic capitalist urges, the attempt to raise Confucius from the dead did little more than add to the sense of cognitive dissonance. That sense was further heightened by a larger party effort to dredge up other symbols that might appeal to nationalist sentiment. This past National Day, leaders deluged the public with syrupy appeals to love the country and love the party, as if they were one and the same. At the same time the propaganda department of the Central Committee issued a document titled "Implementation Program for Patriotic Education," which ordered all schools to revise their curriculums to "make patriotic thought the principal melody of society" so that the "masses" could be bombarded at "any time, anywhere, in every aspect of their daily social life" with "the spiritual infection and uplifting influence of patriotism."

Not only have old socialist values and ideology been seriously eroded but the party and the central government, though still autocratic, have suffered a substantial loss of power due to the growing economic independence of outlying regions such as Guangdong Province (adjacent to Hong Kong), Fujian Province (across the straits from Taiwan) and the Shanghai/Yangtze River Valley area (in south-central China). Because of the strength of local industry and direct trade with the outside world, these regions have gained a new and independent spirit that was plain to see in the recent N.P.C. votes. Their independence has also tempted them to try to dodge central regulations on everything from environmental quality and management of state property to birth control and the payment of taxes. Even though centralized power is a crucial element in assuring economic stability—without it there will be no force able to exercise the macroeconomic control needed to lower inflation and cool off growth of the economy as a whole—for now the trend toward greater regionalization seems unstoppable.

Let a Thousand Flowers Die

One thing Deng has taken pains to impart to Jiang and his "core leadership" is that while economic reform may be essential to fulfilling people's rising expectations and maintaining party power, political reform, especially freedom of expression, is dangerous because it allows critical voices to challenge the party's stranglehold on government. This strategy of egging China's economic system on to become more laissez-faire while tenaciously maintaining its old Leninist political system has helped create the appearance that intellectual and political dissent have vanished. It is true that most Chinese are now preoccupied with business and making money. After all, when presented with a choice between business and the possibility of freedom and wealth, or opposition politics and the likelihood of imprisonment and certainty of penury, most people choose the former. However, there remains a small group of determined intellectuals and labor activists who continue to speak out and to insist that it is deceptive and self-defeating to imagine that politics can be so completely separated from economics. As Wei Jingsheng, China's most celebrated dissident, put it during the 1978-79 Democracy Wall movement, "To accomplish modernization, the Chinese people must first practice democracy and modernize China's social system. . . . Without this condition, society will become stagnant and economic growth will encounter insurmountable obstacles." For such heretical views, Wei was given a fifteen-year jail sentence at Deng's behest.

After being released in September 1993, Wei immediately and unrepentantly resumed decrying China's backward state of democracy. The party perceived his solitary voice as such a threat that in April 1994 he was mysteriously spirited away again, this time without any charges being brought or any notification given to his family. More than a year later, he remains "disappeared," and his secretary, Tong Yi, who was administratively detained, is reported to have been seriously beaten in a "re-education-through-labor" camp for her role in keeping Wei in touch with members of the foreign press.

Tellingly, last July the N.P.C.'s Standing Committee passed a law that makes anyone who "maintains connections with or accepts financial support from groups abroad" subject to arrest for "carrying out activities which endanger state security." Fearful that such dissident voices might become the sparks that light the next prairie fire of political dissent and wary that any sign of political tolerance might appear as weakness, Deng and his minions have taken a line on free speech that is harsher than at any time during the past decade and a half. Sentences of up to twenty years continue to be meted out to those who commit crimes of "counterrevolutionary propaganda and incitement" by speaking out. Last November, for instance, a journalist named Gao Yu was arrested as she prepared to leave China to study at Columbia University and was accused of having leaked state secrets. Her crime, it turned out, was quoting a Beijing source in a Hong Kong paper as having said that Jiang Zemin had advised the Central Committee at a closed meeting that certain personnel assignments were decided "after

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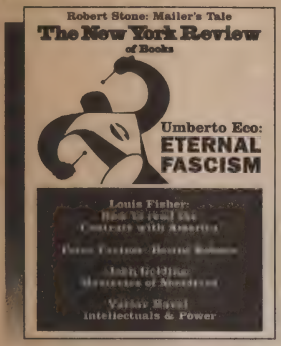

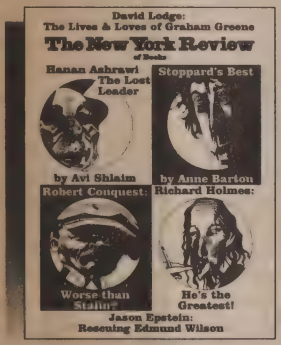

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consultation with senior comrades, especially after hearing the opinion of Deng Xiaoping." For this lèse-majesté Gao was sentenced to six years in prison, and the State Council official who had leaked the news to her was given thirteen years.

As the sixth anniversary of the June 4, 1989, massacre approached, democratic activists began distributing a new flurry of manifestoes and petitions calling on the government to allow greater political tolerance. In February, before the N.P.C. convened, four such petitions were signed and then in May five more surfaced in what has been the biggest recrudescence of public protest since 1989. A petition released on May 15 and signed by forty-five prominent intellectuals commemorated the U.N.'s "Year of Tolerance." Calling tolerance "a mark of human civilization," it urged the government "to promote and encourage respect for human rights" as stipulated in the U.N. Charter. Another petition signed by fifty-two intellectuals called for reversing the official verdict on the 1989 demonstrations as "counterrevolutionary" and warned that China faced another "blood-soaked tragedy" if it did not implement political reforms and begin to respect human rights. The party's response was to round up, interrogate and detain dozens of activists and intellectuals for "disturbing the social order." Such a reaction made it clear that far from feeling a new confidence in its right to rule because of China's economic successes, the party continues to feel very vulnerable to the critique of dissidents.

Deng's policies have succeeded in maintaining an uneasy stability for the past fifteen years. But whether such a strategy will continue to be successful after his death is another question. Unreleased political pressure has a way of building up, especially when economic problems arise, and unless relieved, creating massive ruptures. "It must be said that as the contradictions in society accumulate and sharpen, the use of such repressive measures is not only unreasonable but harmful," writes 26-year-old Wang Dan, a Tiananmen Square student leader who served three and a half years in prison and has been under almost continuous police surveillance since being released. "When all the channels for expression of political opposition in an open, legal fashion are closed, such political forces as already exist will merely be forced to participate politically in secret and illegal ways. In terms of social stability and progress, the disadvantages of this greatly outweigh any possible benefits."

And the Future . . . ?

Whereas with most other great nations it is possible to look ahead and know that certain fundamental ideas, institutions and values will endure for years to come, in today's China there is almost nothing that is fixed or certain. What makes reading the future so difficult is that there is a range of sharply conflicting scenarios, each of which has almost equal plausibility.

It may be that China will be able to muddle through after Deng and become the first socialist-bloc country to successfully reform itself under the aegis of a Communist Party. However, it is also plausible that the Beijing government will continue to lose control until China finds itself back in some state of quasi-feudal fragmentation, even anarchy exacerbated by feuding party factions. Whatever happens, all that is certain is that because of China's long history of authoritarianism, political reform and a more democratic society will not come as easily as this last rush of economic development. What causes apprehension in China is not just the obvious recognition of Deng's mortality but the unspoken recognition that China's old system of "great leader" governance will die with him. However brutal party rule has been, leaders like Mao and Deng at least created the illusion that someone was leading history. Ordinary Chinese still yearn for an effective leader or emperor, but now all they see on the horizon in post-Deng China is a collection of unconvincing understudies waiting in the wings. As the writer-in-exile Liu Binyan recently pointed out, "The government Deng Xiaoping leaves behind will be the weakest in China since Communist rule began in 1949. . . . At the same time, the populace has become more difficult to rule than any other in Chinese history."

In his *Theses on Feuerbach*, Marx wrote that "philosophers have only interpreted the world, in various ways; the point, however, is to change it." From Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek to Mao Zedong and Deng Xiaoping, throughout the twentieth century there has been a mythic big leader to serve as figurehead and give China the appearance of coherence and greatness. Now, as the last leader of truly mythic proportions runs out of life, it is perhaps understandable that ordinary Chinese should turn away from politics and grab at whatever material advantages they can. After all, they know better than anyone the problems the next generation of party leaders will have to confront; how hastily and unsystematically Deng's economic miracle has been thrown together; how murky China's sense of direction is; and how unstable the edifice of the party's political leadership has always been in China—especially when it comes to passing the baton from one ruler to another. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

America's Frat-Boy Samurai

BARBARA EHRENREICH

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG. *By Robert Timberg. Simon and Schuster. 543 pp. $27.50.*

Add another name to the list of colorful characters who brought us the Iran/*contra* scandal—Dave Dellinger. Or perhaps George McGovern or Abbie Hoffman. This, anyway, is one crude reading of Robert Timberg's account of five Annapolis graduates who came to prominence in or around the Reagan Administration. Like so many German officers after World War I, Ollie North, Bud McFarlane and John Poindexter experienced their country's defeat in Vietnam as a "stab in the back," and returned to their careers with varying degrees of contempt for the institutions of civilian government. Congress doesn't want to help the *contras*? Fuck 'em and pass the ammunition.

Actually, *The Nightingale's Song* is a lot more complicated than that, perhaps a lot more complicated than it needs to be, since of the five men Timberg follows from Annapolis to Washington, two—John McCain, the Republican Senator from Arizona, and James Webb, onetime Secretary of the Navy—had nothing to do with Iran/*contra*. Both combat veterans, they are included in this book to round out the picture of how Vietnam shaped the outlook of America's professional warriors. Except for McCain, who unquestionably suffered the most in the war—he was a P.O.W. in Hanoi for five and a half years—these men were revolted by the antiwar movement and desperately hungry for the approval they eventually found in Reagan's White House and the extreme right generally.

There's a lot here to set an old antiwar activist's teeth on edge. The warriors' view of the antiwar movement, as presented here, is for the most part ill-informed and brutish. "Scum-sucking pig[s]," they think, "scuzz that are eating your country," at best cowards and "frauds." It is assumed that anyone who opposed the war did so only to avoid serving in it, and that they would all fall smartly into line if exposed for a moment to enemy fire. Plunged from Vietnam into law school at Georgetown, Webb silently challenges his antiwar classmates: "What if I took you or you or you and put you in a grunt squad for five months? What would you be saying now?"

Older men torment younger ones until they are deemed ready to become tormentors themselves.

Timberg, himself an Annapolis graduate ('64), a Viet vet and a reporter at the *Baltimore Sun*, shares his protagonists' views of the antiwar movement. Given how painstakingly researched the rest of this book is, and the vast amounts of interview material, it's irritating that he didn't try to find out a little more about what was going on in this country while he was in country. That, for example, the antiwar movement consisted of women as well as men, plus many men, like Dellinger, who were well beyond draft age. Or that, contrary to his assertion, the movement did indeed reach out to the military through, for example, the network of G.I. coffeehouses created by antiwar activists. Or that many vets came back, without passing through the mythical shower of spittle, to join the movement themselves.

But let us leave all that aside for the moment. *The Nightingale's Song* is not about the justice or injustice of the war, it's about what the war did to a generation of the American warrior elite, with emphasis on the "elite." The correct answer to Webb's silent challenge would be, "But *we* didn't ask to fight. *You* did." John McCain, far and away the most likable of Timberg's protagonists, understands this: " 'Nobody made me fly over Vietnam,' he said publicly on more than one occasion. 'Nobody drafts you into doing those kinds of things. That's what I was trained to do and that's what I wanted to do.' " These are America's samurai. War, just or unjust, is their business, and they were anxious not to miss the one in Vietnam. In a neat inversion of a strategy more common among young men of the time, Ollie North may even have altered his medical records to play down a knee injury that could have kept him from Vietnam.

In fact, the cultural gap between these elite warriors and the average grunts who served under them may have been almost as great as the gap that separated a North or Webb from a Dellinger or Hoffman. Fresh out of Annapolis, the 23-year-old Webb is given command of the 170 men of Delta Company, who trigger in him "a realization so obvious and logical in retrospect that he was amazed he had not hit on it before," and the realization is that "civilians fight wars." Compared with a professional warrior like Webb, an ordinary soldier is indeed a "civilian." Timberg understands the difference, and what makes his book well worth reading is the insights it offers not so much into Iran/*contra* as into the psychology of America's warrior elite.

Much conventional history concerns the doings of warrior elites to the exclusion of almost everyone else, yet there is surprisingly little that consciously addresses them as distinct social groupings. In the classic cases of medieval Europe and Japan, membership in the warrior elite was hereditary and overlapped almost entirely with membership in the landowning economic elite. The American system is far more meritocratic (and open now even to women), but here too there is a tendency for elite warrior status to be transmitted biologically, from father to son. Of the five men profiled in *The Nightingale's Song*, four were sons of officers, and both Poindexter and McFarlane sent sons of their own to Annapolis.

What makes an American warrior out of anyone's son, though, is the elaborate initiation rituals that constitute his "education." In Timberg's description of Annapolis in the fifties and sixties, the key pedagogical tool is humiliation, supplemented with stress and exhaustion. Cadets describe the place as "an institution where you get a [$200,000] education shoved up your ass a nickel at a time." There are classes but little time to study, since an upperclassman can always send you out on a private research mission to find out, for example, the name of Han-

Barbara Ehrenreich is the author, most recently, of The Snarling Citizen *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a collection of essays.*

*Paul Robeson is "enthralling."**

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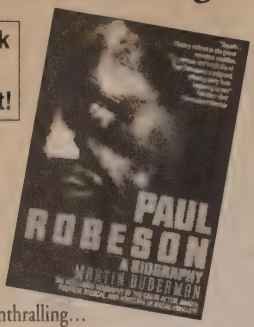

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nibal's lead elephant on the march to Rome. There are meals, but not always a chance to eat, since a cadet is required to dine "braced up on the forward two inches of his chair . . . his fork rising vertically from the plate, horizontally to the mouth, then back to the plate by the same route. If his deportment displeased an upperclassman, he might be told to shove out. That meant to remain braced as if seated, but without even the lip of the chair for support."

This is patriarchy in its male-only form: a rigid hierarchy in which older men torment younger ones until they are deemed ready to become tormentors themselves. The fact that one's literal father may himself be part of this hierarchy, and may even have administered the pledge to his son upon matriculation, only thickens the Oedipal stew. (Recall that in the Oedipus tale, it is the father who first assaults the son.) Those who survive their education-by-hazing are meant to be very different men at 22 than when they entered the academy as boys of 18.

There are two aspects of the academy-produced warrior personality that, in Timberg's view, go a long way toward explaining Iran/*contra*. One is intense personal ambition. Timberg quotes a self-described former "adoring underling" of Ollie North: "Only 75% of the captains become majors, 66% of the majors make lieutenant colonel, and only 50% of the light colonels get those eagles. Then come the real major leagues of competition—rising to Flag or general officer rank—where only 7 or 8% will be chosen. . . . With Oliver Lawrence North, that sense of being in direct competition hits you like garlic in a crowded elevator." The other distinctive trait is an almost masochistic deference to authority, especially as represented by older males. According to Timberg, North, McFarlane, etc. "had been ingrained with the dictum that the wish of a superior officer was their command."

It may be that these traits are effective on the battlefield, but in quieter settings the combination of ambition and deference leads to a kind of desperate sycophancy. McFarlane must be tricked by his wife and his superior into taking a brief vacation, and leaves in a rage. Later, in the White House, he timidly refrains from questioning the Administration's covert support for the *contras* lest Jeane Kirkpatrick and other authorities deride him as "some kind of commie." North is the most floridly symptomatic of the group, identified early on by some comrades as a "hotdog" and a jockstrap-sniffer, meaning a flashy faux hero and a brown-noser. As a Marine instructor at Quantico, he ostentatiously sleeps on his office floor rather than making the fifteen-minute drive home to his wife and children. He has trouble looking peers in the eye, since he's always watching over their shoulder for someone more important to come along.

Madcap Ollie and Bud dash around the globe taking cakes to Iranians and guns to contras.

Add to these unappealing traits an almost total lack of curiosity or moral inquisitiveness—the last sparks of which would have been reliably extinguished at Annapolis—and you have a public servant who is groveling, insecure, driven and willing to do almost anything that a father figure asks, or seems merely to hint at. Make that father figure an outspoken admirer of the American effort in Vietnam and, furthermore, make him arrive at the second term of his presidency just as he drifts off into the prodromal stage of Alzheimer's. The result, according to Timberg's thoroughly plausible reporting, is the madcap adventures of Ollie and Bud as they dash around the globe carrying cakes to the Iranians and guns to the *contras*.

There is more to *The Nightingale's Song*, but it isn't easy to tease out from the often numbing mass of reportage. Take, for example, the mystery of the title. In the prologue, Timberg tells us that a nightingale will not sing its characteristic song until it hears a few notes of it, at which point the bird bursts out with the entire tune, which is genetically implanted in its brain. Since this bit of natural history explained something important about Iran/*contra* to Timberg, I at first thought it was an analogy to the seemingly occult transmission of the Iran/*contra* scheme from the mind of Reagan to the minds of Poindexter, McFarlane and North. Later, though, we find the "song" being sung by Reagan's speechwriter Peggy Noonan and by North in his rebirth as a talk-radio star, suggesting that it is nothing more than the familiar hoarse chirpings of the political right. So why hide behind birds or bees when what

you are really trying to describe is these warriors' post-Vietnam conversion to an elitist and intolerant conservatism?

In Germany too, after World War I, the defeated and underappreciated members of the warrior elite came home and moved sharply to the right, eventually to Nazism. Not that there is anything proportional about the outcomes in these two cases—a possibility that Timberg, with uncharacteristic emotion, protests too much:

> He [North] did not gas Jews. Not even close. Anyone who does not understand the distinction is a fool. As for those who know the difference and persist in comparing North to a Nazi, one wonders what lies beneath such bluster and rhetorical overkill. Many, one suspects, are running scared, hoping to avoid a long overdue showdown with a part of themselves purposely and deservedly obscured for decades.

But who ever called North a Nazi? And who could have been rhetorically reckless enough to compare the two-bit scandal of Iran/*contra* to the industrialized murder of millions?

If there is anything for an Annapolis man to be emotional and defensive about, it is not the fact that three of his fellows got tangled in Iran/*contra* but that so many of them fought unquestioningly in Vietnam. The same habits of deference and moral laziness that, according to Timberg, led North and others to turn Reagan's wishes into their commands had earlier inspired their gung-ho performances in the war. To keep their self-righteous militarism intact, these men had to discount utterly the voices of the antiwar protesters, an effort that Timberg contributes to. They had to downplay a major atrocity committed by their branch of the service—the Marines' massacre of civilians at Son Thang—even rushing, in the case of North, to testify on behalf of a court-martialed defendant. *Someone* here is avoiding "a long overdue showdown with a part of themselves purposely and deservedly obscured for decades," but it is not the critics of Ollie North.

So in the end there is no escaping Vietnam and the old quarrel between warriors and antiwarriors. To use Vietnam, unexamined, as a partial excuse for Iran/*contra* is to trivialize gravely a needless and atrocious war. In the American case, as opposed to the post-World War I German one, the acts of genocide were committed in places like Son Thang and My Lai and dozens of other hamlets, long before the defeated warriors ever made their way home. □

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Poster Child of Pomosex

LARISSA MacFARQUHAR

VICE VERSA: Bisexuality and the Eroticism of Everyday Life. *By Marjorie Garber. Simon and Schuster. 606 pp. $30.*

Shortly after the publication of her last book, *Vested Interests: Cross-Dressing and Cultural Anxiety*, Marjorie Garber appeared on *Geraldo*. She'd been summoned to explain the complicated lifestyle of Francis Vavra, a bisexual woman who cross-dresses as a man and is married to Roxanna, a man who cross-dresses as a woman. Garber looked on while Vavra presented herself: "I have always led a dual existence in my inner life," she told the studio audience. "I always felt physically attracted to boys/girls, men/women, as well as feeling I personally was both genders."

From Garber's point of view, this was fascinating. Here, after all, was the polymorphous, postmodern poster child in the flesh—a woman who actually *experienced* sexuality the way literary critics wrote about it! But, alas, the audience and Geraldo were bewildered. They "clearly wanted Francis to 'choose' between polarities *they* saw as real, and mutually exclusive," Garber sighs, remembering the occasion in her new book, *Vice Versa*. Man or woman, gay or straight: "They did not want anyone to stake out a position that called those poles into question."

In *Vice Versa*, Garber tells us everything about bisexuality and calling poles into question that she didn't have time to get into with that binary-minded studio audience. Over the course of some 600 pages she propounds several theories of sexuality and gender, not all of which agree with one another, and calls as witnesses not just Francis Vavra but a swarm of other characters with only slightly less involved bedroom and closet arrangements. Garber is a good storyteller, and, being a Shakespeare scholar, she's at her finest doing close readings of the byzantine entanglements bisexuality gets you into.

She tells some great stories. She lingers at the sexy girls' school outside London where Eleanor Roosevelt went as a student in her late teens and became the center of erotic attention for her newly hormonal classmates. She details the entertainingly tortuous love polygons of Bloomsbury, Taos and the Harlem Renaissance (in the first of which Virginia Woolf's niece, Angelica Garnett, married her father's—and mother's—ex-lover, becoming her own stepfather's wife). She unearths some funny terms, like "LUG" (Lesbian Until Graduation) and "hasbian" (a lesbian who starts sleeping with men), and judiciously quotes Gore Vidal ("Why, when young, even an unescorted cantaloupe wouldn't have been safe in my company"). She even makes up some good terms of her own—the "prurient wishful subjunctive," for instance, which refers to "the could-have, might-have mode so dear to (some) contemporary biographers" when writing about their subjects' sexual histories.

Larissa MacFarquhar is an advisory editor at The Paris Review *and a contributing editor at* Lingua Franca.

Foucault gets only four citations in Garber's index, compared with Phil Donahue's six and David Bowie's twelve.

A recurrent theme of the book is the "biphobic" abuse suffered by newly out bisexuals at the hands of their homosexual friends. Michael Szymanski, for instance, a West Hollywood gay man who started going out with a woman, found that his editor at a gay magazine wouldn't let him write unless he stopped parading his girlfriend around. A friend told him that "gay men turn straight because they can't compete in the high-pressure world of buffed bodies and hot looks. . . . It's a lot easier to find a woman because you don't have to look so good." Eeek!

Much of *Vice Versa* consists of Garber pointing out one after the other instance in which bisexuality has been interpreted into hetero- or homosexuality or ignored altogether. And yet she also reveals that this invisible, ignored category has accumulated quite a few clichés, mostly negative: Bisexuals are confused, bisexuals are unfaithful nymphomaniacs, bisexuals are better lovers, bisexuals carry AIDS into the straight population. As early as 1980, it seems, Adrienne Rich was irritatedly denouncing the "sentimental," "liberal" and "frequently heard" assertion that in a perfect world "everyone would be bisexual."

One of the great bisexual dramas took place, it turns out, between two apparently heterosexual men: Freud and his onetime close friend Wilhelm Fliess. Fliess—an ear, nose and throat specialist who believed that sexual passion was based in the nose and who at one point accidentally left half a meter of gauze inside the nose of a patient on whom he had operated—met with Freud in Breslau in 1897 and explained his theory that all humans were innately bisexual. In females, according to Fliess, a masculine element was normally repressed, and in males a feminine, in both cases leading to neurosis. This idea of course had an enormous impact on Freud. "Back home and in harness again, with the delicious aftertaste of our days in Breslau," he wrote lovingly to Fliess soon after their meeting, "bi-bi is ringing in my ears." Just three months later, though, Freud was writing to Fliess about "that moment in the Breslau marketplace when we found both of us saying the same thing." Soon he began incorporating the concept into his work without attribution.

Fliess, outraged, accused Freud of stealing his idea; Freud at first denied the charge, then belatedly "remembered" that Fliess was right and issued a twisted kind of apology in the form of an essay titled "The Forgetting of Impressions and Knowledge" in which he described an unnamed "friend" reminding him that the concept of bisexuality was not, in fact, his own. (Ironically, Fliess's claim to have "discovered" bisexuality was equally absurd—Havelock Ellis, among others, had been writing about it prior to 1897.) Some time later, having broken with Fliess completely, Freud described him to his new soul mate, Carl Jung, as a "onetime friend" who "developed a dreadful case of paranoia after throwing off his affection for me, which was undoubtedly considerable." (Garber herself has a complex relationship to Freud, the most noticeable symptom of which is a peculiar tic of using the word "uncanny" over and over again, not just in *Vice Versa* but in her other books as well. This is highly amusing because Freud described the uncanny as "whatever reminds us of the inner compulsion to repeat.")

Garber makes the excellent point that the existence of bisexuals poses a problem

for scientists like Simon LeVay who believe in the existence of a "gay gene." She inclines toward Alfred Kinsey's approach, which regards "homosexuality," "bisexuality" and "heterosexuality" as points on a continuum rather than discrete categories. (Though, as she points out, the famous Kinsey scale has often been misinterpreted as replacing two categories—gay and straight—with six.) She writes approvingly also of Fritz Klein's Sexual Orientation Grid, developed in 1980, which incorporates fantasy into the Kinsey continuum and differentiates between "past," "present" and "ideal" orientation.

In later chapters, Garber takes us on a tour of married bisexuals through the ages—among them Leonard Bernstein, John Cheever, Paul Bowles and Vita Sackville-West. The last, we discover, was in love with a woman, Rosamund Grosvenor, when Harold Nicolson was courting her in 1913. She accepted Nicolson's proposal, though, because he was the "best actual *playmate* I had ever known," while Grosvenor was "quite stupid" and their relationship was "almost exclusively physical." Some years later, Sackville-West eloped to France with another girlfriend, Violet Trefusis, leaving their respective husbands to chase after them, "comic-opera style," in a two-seater airplane. Still, Vita and Harold remained happily married until she died in 1962.

Garber takes pains to emphasize that Sackville-West shouldn't be thought of as a semi-closeted lesbian who in a more open society wouldn't have given Nicolson the time of day. Garber's point, here as elsewhere, is that people make all kinds of sexual and marital arrangements with one another, not all of which can be accurately described as either hetero- or homosexual. This is partly the observation of a good reader, but it is mostly a theoretical position: Garber, card-carrying postmodernist that she is, not only finds the terms "heterosexual" and "homosexual" unsatisfactory but rejects fixed identities in general. "Identities" are not only inaccurate, she believes (humans being too protean to be measured by such clumsy, universalizing instruments), but they also tend to be prescriptive, overtly or otherwise.

This is why Garber is writing a book on bisexuality, and why she wrote a book on transvestism: She believes that these "in-between" experiences prove that human qualities like gender and sexuality are far more fluid and mercurial than we tend to think. " 'Bisexuality,' " she concludes after pondering Rock Hudson's marriage to Phyllis Gates, "is not a fixed point on a scale but an aspect of lived experience, seen in the context of particular relations. . . . Like postmodernism itself, it resists a stable referentiality. It performs." Call it pomosexuality.

The problem with this debunking of identity, though, is that Garber still wants to retain the concept of the identifiable "bisexual": After all, she spends most of her book rescuing this character from theoretical mauling at the hands of simple-minded monosexuals who can't get beyond the old either/or. And Garber realizes that identities, however lazy intellectually, have their political uses. "At what point does the politics of identity, necessary for the attainment of equal rights, come into conflict with the political incorrectness of human desire?" she muses in the middle of the book. What she's forgetting, of course, is that identity does not produce the claustrophobic reaction in everyone that it does in her. Seeing oneself in an identity and becoming part of its concomitant community is for most people not just a means of obtain-

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ing rights but a "human desire" in itself.

What she is also forgetting is that human desire does not emerge fully formed from the womb, only to be repressed later by uptight grown-ups. It is shaped by and inseparable from those very politics of identity she deplores. Garber knows this, but for a poststructuralist she's awfully lax about her constructivism. Even Kinsey, writing in the 1940s, was more consistently skeptical than she is of the precultural existence of sexual orientation. Much of Garber's analysis could have been improved by another pass through such careful sexual constructivists as Michel Foucault and Judith Butler. It's telling that Foucault, with his masterly three-volume *History of Sexuality*, gets only four citations in Garber's index, compared with Phil Donahue's six and David Bowie's twelve.

Garber's biggest problem, though, is that it's difficult to imagine who this book is for. She evidently set out to be accessible and entertaining to the average highbrow and break new theoretical ground at the same time, but she hasn't succeeded. Her explanations are generally very clear, but she assumes about the same degree of familiarity with current literary criticism as she did in *Vested Interests*—and reviewers of that book complained about unintelligibility. Academics, on the other hand, will have to wade through beginners' explanations of poststructuralist bromides, and in the end there's not much in the book that's surprising. Close your eyes and imagine what a Freudian/Derridean/Foucauldian/feminist literary critic would come up with given the topic of bisexuality and you'll come pretty close to what Garber has produced. If you've read *Vested Interests* you'll come closer still, since it's substantially the same book as far as theory is concerned.

I hope Garber does something different in her next book. I hope, therefore, that she didn't see the recent *New York Times* article about chimpanzees. The *Times* reporter quoted Noam Chomsky and other linguists vehemently protesting the idea that monkeys, as opposed to only humans, can develop language. I can see Garber now, at her kitchen table, reading that article, just *itching* to get to the root of this. Chomsky and the rest are protesting just a little too much, she's thinking. Clearly they are feeling a deep-rooted cultural anxiety at the thought that another pair of comforting categories—"animal" and "human"—is about to be challenged. □

'Dyke Dick' in New Orleans

KELLEHER JEWETT

THE INTERSECTION OF LAW AND DESIRE. *By J.M. Redmann. Norton. 336 pp. $22.*

It turns out I'm not the only one waiting for Kinsey Millhone to come out. Carolyn, the lesbian pet groomer who plays Tonto to Bernie Rhodenbarr's Lone Ranger in Lawrence Block's mystery series about the bookseller-thief, outed her before I got a chance. As she says, "Look at the evidence, okay?" Kinsey "doesn't care about makeup, she's got this one all-purpose dress that she's still wearing ten books into the series, she's tough-minded, she's hard-boiled, she's sensible, she's logical." "Must be a lesbian," Bernie concedes. Imagine Kinsey Millhone as a lesbian with a painful past, and you've got Micky Knight, the heroine of *The Intersection of Law and Desire*.

A private eye who lives and works in New Orleans, Micky Knight joins the ranks of well-known female detectives: V.I. Warshawski, Carlotta Carlyle, Anna Lee, Cordelia Gray and, of course, Millhone herself. She is also one of a small number of lesser-known lesbian detectives—Katherine Forrest's Kate Delafield, Sandra Scoppettone's Lauren Laurano, Randye Lordon's Sydney Sloane come to mind—but she is a darker, more complicated character, a "dyke dick" who is a long way from the bourgeois respectabilities of most lesbian and gay mysteries. A self-identified former "drunk and a lesbian record-holder for one-night stands," Micky is now sober and in love. The cases she tackles in J.M. Redmann's third mystery take her deep into the world of child pornography, where secret desires become vicious and violent. The search for monsters who molest children forces her to exorcise some demons of her own.

In Micky's world, industrial espionage consists of tracking down stolen recipes for crawfish jambalaya and trying to find out what the competition is planning for their next Mardi Gras float. *The Intersection of Law and Desire* strips away the exotic glamour of this least American of cities to reveal a sinister face the tourists don't see. The title refers to a seedy intersection where Micky finds a bar called the Heart of Desire. She is drawn there by a book of matches she finds in a child's pocket—the only clue to the "nameless monsters" that haunt 9-year-old Cissy's nightmares, filling her with a fear she cannot or will not talk about. At the Heart of Desire, men drink watery beer and watch women strip. Behind the "illusion of sex" offered by the strip show lies the reality of sex for money. In the room where the strippers dress, one woman has put up photographs of her children the way any working woman might have pictures on her desk next to a philodendron. Elsewhere in the club, in the buried heart that hides its most profitable secrets, is a closet filled with pictures of children—children posing naked, children having sex with adults, children with the eyes of "haunted, trapped animals in a cage."

Kelleher Jewett teaches history and literature in New York City.

Micky, the queer detective, has no illusions about coming in out of the rain.

At the Heart of Desire, nothing is quite what it seems, but this can safely be said of almost everyone and everything in this novel. One way or another everyone's in drag. Hired to help a woman who is being blackmailed, Micky borrows a little black dress from her cousin Torbin, a female impersonator, so that she can accompany her client to an upscale, uptown club called the Sans Pareil. Torbin in turn has to dig some "boy things" out of the back of his closet (a nice twist) so that he can accompany Cordelia, a doctor and Micky's current lover, to a fundraiser for her clinic. Cordelia doesn't want to go alone and she can't take Micky; if her donors knew she slept with another woman, they wouldn't give her any money.

Micky's friends (many of them also ex-lovers) are doctors and lawyers and cops, and they're all in the closet. Only Micky is completely out, a luxury she can afford because she has less to lose: She has no mother, her father's dead, she works for herself, her landlord knows she's gay and isn't going to kick her out "because she knows there aren't that many people foolish enough to live there anyway." Closets loom large in this novel, one strand in an elaborate cocoon of secrecy that permits people to pursue needs (for power, for sex, for control) that take them to places

where law and desire collide. As Micky reminds her client, having sex with another woman is a felony in Louisiana. To be a lesbian is to be a criminal.

I can't think of another female detective, gay or straight, who is as much of an outsider as Micky. It's not just that she sees herself as "bayou trash." It's more than class, though that's part of it. It's more than her sexuality, though that's a part of it too. It has to do with the demons she hides from herself and everyone else: the legacy of childhood sexual abuse. She is walled off from everyone; the smallest gesture, like using her key to let herself into Cordelia's place, is more than she can handle. She's no good at belonging and seems to spend much of the novel on her own or with people she dislikes; for someone with a lover, she spends an awful lot of nights alone listening to the rain. (This book is not going to be picked up by the New Orleans board of tourism; the weather alone is enough to discourage a prospective visitor.) On the other hand, she gets more sex than any other female detective I can name. Sex for Micky is a kind of currency she has sometimes traded for "small kindnesses," for "a good meal, a place to stay, clothes or a loan." It hasn't always been about love or the "equality of desire." And though she hasn't actually slept with someone for money, she realizes she might have if she'd been desperate enough.

Micky's sexuality sets her apart from most detectives, male and female, and the way Redmann writes about sex sets this novel apart from most mysteries written by women. The sex scenes are explicit. I don't know that they are particularly illuminating (except perhaps for people who still haven't figured out what two women do together), but they are charged with erotic energy and an understanding that sometimes sex isn't about love any more than law is about justice. It's not that they can't go together, just that you can't count on it. Micky doesn't seem cut out for monogamy—she thinks about sleeping with every woman she meets—but she is struggling to find a way to be whole and to be wholly present when she is in bed with the woman she loves.

Not surprisingly, perhaps, lesbian mysteries are generally much more preoccupied with emotional and domestic relationships than are their straight counterparts. Lesbian detectives are rarely single, and their emotional life, happy or otherwise, gets as much attention as the mystery. When they are on their own, they are often recovering from the death of or sep-

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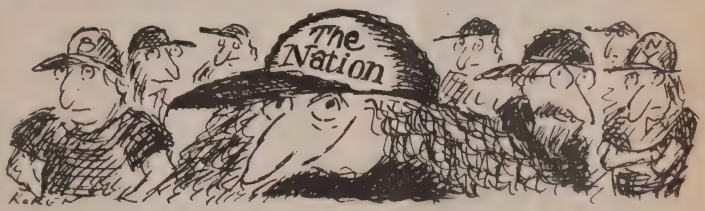

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aration from a longtime lover. Detective Kate Delafield's lover, Anne, burned to death in a car wreck, and Kate's grief is an important subtext in the novels by Katherine Forrest. In *Brotherly Love* by Randye Lordon, Sydney Sloane's lover of many years has gone to Ireland to paint; apparently it's going to be a long stay. Lauren Laurano, Sandra Scoppettone's detective, is the picture of wedded bliss (rings and all); she lives happily with her lover, a therapist, in a brownstone they own in Greenwich Village, and copes with the myriad details of home and family like any other married woman. In all these novels, being gay is a vindication of middle-class values like fidelity, commitment and monogamy. These are not women Oprah or Donahue would have on their shows; they are just too damned respectable. They are feminists, of course, and women doing a man's job—but their private lives are often cozily domestic. They reassure us that underneath it all we are all, gay or straight, pretty much alike; we're just people.

The Intersection of Law and Desire is unsettling in part because it denies its readers this comforting vision. Instead we get the cruelty of Cissy's mother, who won't allow Micky to see her daughter because she's afraid Micky will molest her, and the ignorant bigotry of the "noted criminologist" who assumes all homosexuals are pedophiles. Redmann reveals the need for secrecy and the fear of violence that are a part of being a lesbian, especially if you live in a city where you're afraid to hold hands in the privacy of your own car. New York's Upper West Side (where Sydney Sloane lives and works) and Greenwich Village allow Lordon's and Scoppettone's heroines a kind of freedom not to be found in the New Orleans of this novel. Sydney and Lauren are at home in their city in a way that Micky Knight never is. She fights "alienation and, yes, even paranoia" when she finds herself at some "mainstream place." It's not that she wants to be part of that mainstream; as she says, "Once you take out the people of color, the queers, the women, the poor, the disabled, the Jews, Buddhists, and other non-Christian religions, the mainstream turns into a trickle of privilege." It's all there in the word *queer*. It's not a comfortable word; it flaunts difference and defies assimilation. It's not a word Lauren Laurano or Sydney Sloane or Kate Delafield would use to describe themselves.

Micky, the queer detective, has no illusions about coming in out of the

EVENTS.

MARYLAND

"PEACE FROM THE INSIDE OUT," a one-day experiential workshop led by George Lakey. Tuesday, August 8, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. In a period of increasing conflict, this workshop explores two roles: the Peaceful Warrior and the Peaceful Magician. Participants will clarify spiritual and behavioral dynamics of these two ways of intervening in conflicts, leading to increased centeredness in the presence of violence. For more information, contact: Association for Humanistic Psychology, 6826 Chryler Street, Indianapolis, IN 46268. Phone: (317) 328-1945; fax: (317) 328-1475.

NEW YORK

"THE TEMPEST." The 40th summer season of Shakespeare in Central Park begins with "The Tempest," starring Patrick Stewart as Prospero and directed by NYSF's producer and Tony Award–winning director, George C. Wolfe. Delacorte Theater, Central Park. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8:00 PM, beginning Thursday, June 22 and continuing through Wednesday, July 19th (plus one performance on Monday, July 17 at 8:00 PM). Free. For additional information about Shakespeare in Central Park, call (212) 598-7100 or (212) 598-7115.

FUNDRAISING FOR SURVIVAL. Strategic fundraising is critical for building a stable financial base to support nonprofit programs. Monday, July 10, 6:30-9:30 PM. This course will cover the basics of fundraising, including approaching individuals, foundations and corporations. Learn the skills necessary to raise the money you need. Learning Alliance, 324 Lafayette St. (between Bleecker and Houston), 7th floor, Manhattan. Registration fees are $35, $40 and $50. To register and for information, call the Learning Alliance at (212) 226-7171.

PROPOSAL WRITING for Social Change. A two-evening workshop for staff of nonprofits who are new to writing fundraising proposals. Tuesday, July 18 and Thursday, July 20, 6:30-9:30 PM. Basic elements of a proposal including problem statements, objectives and activities will be discussed. Learning Alliance, 324 Lafayette St. (between Bleecker and Houston), 7th floor, Manhattan. Registration fees are $28, $35 and $40. To register and for information, call the Learning Alliance at (212) 226-7171.

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rain. This is a long way from the traditional mystery, where the solution to the crime isolates the criminal and mends the social fabric. In such a world evil is an aberration, and the detective reinforces and legitimizes the social order she restores. When the detective herself is an outsider, even an outlaw, her relation to the social order is much more tenuous and conflicted. As Micky explains to Cissy's mother, "If the only place you look is the queer part of town, you'll miss the real child molesters. The teachers, the ministers, the nice neighbor, a relative, a boyfriend. That's where they really hide, behind their facade of normality and kindness." When normality is a mask for evil, being normal and respectable isn't all it's cracked up to be. You can't have insiders without outsiders. Redmann suggests that without the outsiders to see what is real, not one of us is safe from the apparently normal insiders.

The Intersection of Law and Desire is not better than other lesbian mysteries, but it has an edgy political sensibility that makes it different. Redmann asks us to confront bigotry, evil and suffering, and she doesn't make it all better at the end. When Micky comes home at the end of the novel (I'm not giving anything away), I was, paradoxically, reminded of Huck Finn lighting out for the territories. Huck, the quintessential outsider in American literature, heads for the frontier to escape civilization. In the lesbian detective story, the city is the final frontier, and there is nowhere to run. Solving the mystery doesn't change enough. Wounds heal but scars remain, and the monsters are still out there. □

BOOK WATCH.

JOHN LEONARD

LUSTMORD: Sexual Murder in Weimar Germany. *By Maria Tatar. Princeton. 213 pp. Illustrated. $23.*

HENRY JAMES' MIDNIGHT SONG. *By Carol De Chellis Hill. Norton. 445 pp. Paper $11.*

About the way the tabloids of his time reported the murder of a prostitute by a carpenter, Robert Musil told us in *The Man Without Qualities*: "They had expressed their abhorrence of it, but they did not leave off until they had counted thirty-five stabs in the abdomen and described the long slash from the navel to

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the sacrum . . . while the throat showed the marks of throttling." Musil, of course, was feeling bad about Vienna on the eve of World War I. Maria Tatar feels even worse about Weimar, after that war was lost, when everybody seemed to have tabloid tendencies. They were more than just morbidly curious about serial killers and sexual murder (*Lustmord*) in Weimar. In high culture as well as low, in paintings by Otto Dix and Kurt Schwitters; novels by Alfred Döblin and Hermann Hesse, films by Fritz Lang, plays by Frank Wedekind, graphics by George Grosz, they were pathologically obsessive. Dix painted himself as a *Sex Murderer*, and smeared the canvas with red handprints. Grosz had himself photographed as Jack the Ripper, among mirrors and masks and dolls. Wedekind starred himself on stage as the Ripper, and cast his wife as a victim. Lang gave us Peter Lorre as a child murderer. Döblin somehow managed, in *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, *November 1918* and *Karl and Rosa*, to "sexualize" Rosa Luxemburg's assassination into a hysterical masochistic indulgence on *her* part, a self-inflicted martyrdom through exquisite torture. And Hesse in *Steppenwolf* (1927) confided this epiphany:

> There, where the mark was, I plunged my knife in to the hilt. The blood welled out over her delicate white skin. . . . With a shudder I stared at the stony brow and the stark hair and the cool pale shimmer of the ear. The cold that streamed from them was deathly and yet it was beautiful, it rang, it vibrated. It was music! Hadn't I felt this shudder before and found it at the same time a joy? Hadn't I once caught this music before? Yes, with Mozart and the Immortals.

Tatar, a professor of German at Harvard and the author previously of *Off With Their Heads! Fairy Tales and the Culture of Childhood*, explores this Weimar kinkiness in dense, elegant, persuasive case studies of Dix, Grosz and Döblin; in sidelong glances at the askew tilt to Friedrich Murnau and Rudolf Schlichter; in historical sketches of the Vampire of Düsseldorf, the Silesian Bluebeard, nineteenth-century *Liebestod* and "the extraordinary artistic investment in representing women" like Eve, Circe, Medusa, Judith and Salome as "creatures of overpowering sexual evil"; with obligatory references to Otto Weininger and Klaus Theweleit, spicy quotes from Karl Marx, Susan Sontag and Elisabeth Bronfen, and flash-forwards to the Boston Strangler, Son of Sam, *The Silence of the Lambs*, *Basic Instinct*, Mailer's *An American Dream*, Süskind's *Perfume*, Alfred Hitchcock and Brian De Palma. (De Palma explains: "I don't particularly want to chop up women but it seems to work." Not exactly Mozart and the Immortals.)

While *Nation* readers will be especially interested in how Döblin blamed the victim, all of *Lustmord* should fascinate anyone who's ever looked at Picasso's *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon* or Klee's *Dogmatic Composition* and wondered about either the "gender politics of cultural production" or the "modernist project that aestheticizes violence and turns the mutilated female body into an object of fascination and dread." Well: Fragmentation! Disfigurement! Transgressive energy! Emancipation of form from content! But how come the artist so often seems to identify with the psychopath, and succeeds, after gaudy knifework, in starring *himself* as sacrificial victim and symbolic reborn phoenix? Bad boys! Dead girls! Chop-chop! Modernism!

As for Weimar as a momentary locus for an epidemic of such transgressive energies, imagine: Damaged men come back from war, less than heroic. What do they find, besides the usual urban pathologies? Women happily whole, at work and agitating about suffrage. The pathology of *Dolchstosslegende* ("stabbed in the back") meets the fantasy of sexual revenge, as if women and Jews were one big vampire movie like *Nosferatu*, as if the corpse itself were a work of art. Not for the first time—though seldom so brilliantly as in Tatar's slender book—fascism and modernism are conjoined; they correspond; they are letters from the same camp, with its weak male-ego boundaries and chimney smoke of human cinder.

Up at Harvard they're probably too busy to watch television, where *Lustmord*

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A surprise of white blossoms from the last
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might have been seen in a tree, its anchored
ramifying body rising by itself to something
plenteous or austere according as the seasons
spoke in it, a picture of what the spirit was—
great play of illuminations, a stripping away,
a deep immobile fixture always dizzy with
its own interior turbulence, all that perpetual
trafficking among its branches? But now
when the windows of the rain close
over those hands the hemlock stretches, shaggy
and beseeching, you can't help remembering
your mother's hands at the top of the stairs, how
she'd look down the precipice of steps in a
flood of buzzing light from the landing window
and wring her hands. You'd stay awake then,
counting cars and the harsh squeak of pedals
and waiting for the bells from Mount Argus, ears
open for the sound of one hand cracking another.
Out in the garden a constellation of light-drops
clusters on every leaf, world on glittering world
until they burn off—as this one will—and become
just little puffs of earth-breath, then nothing
we can see, assumed into heaven, leaving
the dry green ghost behind. Such rash branching
out of familiar centres into the unknown,
where you might nose like a bee or a butterfly
through that belated sweetness: no one sees, but
these blossoms have to feel the small rasp of
your tongue at last, know their own true scope.

Eamon Grennan

as an animating principle is more popular than child abuse or the Witness Protection Program, never mind the novels of Bret Easton Ellis, although Joyce Carol Oates may be a different story when *Zombie* is published in October. Are all arguments from a Weimar analogy automatically meretricious? Some of us (O.K., me) have seen in the new Congress of Fig Newtonians something like a Keystone Khmer Rouge—determined with its slash-and-burn Contract on America to cleanse Phnom Penh of every pointy-headed intellectual with a tutu in his closet, every parasitic lowlife painter who ever suckered a dime out of the National Endowment, every Third World wetback here to steal a job and every child who was ever aggrieved or difficult, not to mention their welfare mothers, crackhead fathers, shyster lawyers and other inconvenient co-dependents who ought instead to be growing rice, eating fish paste and wearing hair shirts in the boondocks. But what if Weimar is a better analogy? What if, as Barbara Ehrenreich suggests elsewhere in this issue, Vietnam was our *Dolchstosslegende*? And Pat Buchanan's our Jack the Rip? And militias are our *Freikorps*? And immigrants of color (plus, of course, femiNazis) are our Jews? Just wondering.

And while I am, let me recommend as well a novel that chimes so with Tatar's *Lustmord* that it might be its Secret Sharer. In Carol De Chellis Hill's *Henry James' Midnight Song*, we imagine ourselves, like Musil, in Vienna at the turn of the century. The dead body of a woman is discovered in the study of Dr. Sigmund Freud. Although this body later disappears, the police stay put. All over Vienna, young women vanish from the streets, after which parts of them—detached toes, severed heads—show up at the bottom of garbage cans, in tops of trees or iced in the Danube, and the hysterically anti-Semitic Viennese accuse Jews, like Freud, of ritual murder. The worried Emperor sends to Paris for the Austrian-born detective Maurice LeBlanc, who is Jewish himself, and so smart that he reads himself to sleep each night with Baudelaire.

Freud, and his dippy wife, Martha, and his sister-in-law Minna, with whom he is having a secret affair, are suspects. So is Henry James, who thought he was consulting Freud on behalf of his sick sister Alice but who's actually riddled with guilt because he strangled a cat. Suspect too is Edith Wharton, who travels with Henry, has her own secret affair with a London journalist, resents Freud's theory of childhood seduction because it probably happened to her, and actually burgles his office. And so's Carl Jung, whose unprofessional behavior with a female patient suggests that there must be an archetype for cad. We also meet the Zionist Herzl, back from the Dreyfus trial; the physicist Einstein, relativizing promiscuously; the playwright Schnitzler, a misanthrope; and the critic Kraus, who is worried that von Hofmannsthal will turn into another Heinrich Heine, "a Moses who strikes the rock of the German language with his rod, and all that spurts forth is eau de cologne"; not to mention the symphonic composer Mahler, the Secessionist painter Klimt and Wittgenstein's sister. All these people, when they aren't reading Baudelaire or Nietzsche, dream a lot, about horses and falcons, Jesus and Pascal, Hansel and Gretel. As well as blood, there is sex in the strudel, and a dead dog.

If I make *Henry James' Midnight Song* sound jaunty, to a surprising extent it is. What Hill doesn't know for a fact from literature and scholarship she cheerfully makes up, with nerve and verve and mimetic genius—a slapstick of Great Minds, as seen through the eyes of a very Jamesian 17-year-old American girl, who might very well grow up to be Maria Tatar; whose sister wants instead to be either Isabel Archer or Anna Karenina; whose aunt is an Engels-reading suffragette; and whose cousin, a tiger-eyed Viennese countess, vamps our Parisian detective. But slapstick shifts to epiphany, in a set-piece Sunday in the Park with Edith and Siggi, and then suddenly to nightmare. Because history, Hill tells us in this splendid oratorio and circus of a novel, is something more and something other than an arty prop, or even a transgressive text. These mushrooms are poisonous. That blond head in the frozen Danube is not a Klimt. Under statues of Goethe and Schiller, assassins fester. Opening its mouth to sing, Europe strangles. At the masked ball, in the labyrinth, there are anarchists, androgynes, misogynists and thugs. All these people, whether they know it or not, are full of *Lustmord* and dreaming of swastikas. □

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While we reserve the right to edit, reject or reclassify any advertisement, The Nation *wishes its readers to know we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

MANHATTAN PIED-A-TERRE. Fridays through Mondays. Shabby. Charming. Chelsea neighborhood. $250 per month. (516) 725-0257.

APARTMENTS DESIRED

ACADEMIC COUPLE on sabbatical September to June seeks quiet, furnished 2-bedroom Manhattan apartment. (503) 775-7728.

BED & BREAKFAST

SUNNY OAKS HOTEL (800) 679-4387 A quiet, inexpensive, informal Catskill resort/bed & breakfast with pool, lake, yoga, nature walks and delicious dining with vegetarian specialties.

BOOKS

"ANARCHIST COOKBOOK" available again! Complete, uncensored edition. $25, delivered. Barricade Books, Box 1401-R, Secaucus, NJ 07096.

REFUTE RUSH LUMBAGO and other hard-core right-wing conservatives' downright lies. Using Rush's own words. You get 2 hours of tapes, 2 books of quotes and 2 workbooks. Send info request to P O Box 451, Norwalk, CT 06852.

BOOK SEARCH SERVICES

AWAITING YOUR BOOK WANTS. Lorraine Zimmerman, Bookseller. 1816 Euclid, Berkeley, CA 94709. (800) 728-2073; fax (510) 843-1819.

COMPUTERS

UPGRADING? Don't put your PC or Mac out to pasture, put it to good use. Donate your used computer equipment to interns at *The Nation* and help The Nation Institute build the next generation of independent writers, editors and publishers. We need a full system of IBM compatibles and HP DeskJet or laser printers, as well as Macintosh components. For information call (212) 463-9270.

LONGTIME *NATION* EMPLOYEE, now computer consultant, is selling IBM-compatible computers and providing computer training and support to *Nation* readers in the New York City area. Special rates for nonprofit organizations and those on low incomes. Call Mark Rausher at Present Day Products (718) 934-2861.

COUNSELING

PHONE CONSULTATION. Professional ethicist provides practical, supportive help with personal decision-making. Logical. Secular. Friendly. Contact The Ethics Resource, P O Box 25109, Tempe, AZ 85285 for brochure. For phone consultation: (900) 420-4040, $1.75/minute, 9AM–8PM.

WOMAN PSYCHOTHERAPIST, 20+ years experience, Ph.D. in clinical psychology. Insight-oriented and analytic. Crisis intervention; short-term; long-term intensive psychoanalytic approach. Free consulation. Sliding scale. Carnegie Hall vicinity. (212) 582-5508.

EDUCATION

LEARN SPANISH IN GUATEMALA, help the poor while you learn. One-on-one instruction, room and board with local family, work-projects in nearby communities. (415) 868-1786.

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EDUCATION

EL SALVADOR—INTENSIVE SPANISH, political, cultural, educational activities. School c/o CISPES, Box 1801, New York, NY 10159. (212) 229-1290.

LEARN SPANISH. See our display ad in today's Books & the Arts section. AmeriSpan Unlimited, P O Box 40513, Philadelphia, PA 19106, (800) 879-6640.

SPANISH CLASSES, GUATEMALAN CULTURE. Nonprofit collective; speakers, field trips. Proyecto, P O Box 41043, Santa Barbara, CA 93140. Phone/Fax: (800) 963-9889.

SPANISH OR GERMAN MAGAZINE. Intermediate level, glossary. Free brochure (800) 600-4494. See display ad for Educational News Service in today's Books & the Arts section.

MERCHANDISE

DARWIN PINS & BUMPER STICKERS. See our display ad in today's Books & the Arts section. FISH, Dept. 20, Box 26523, Colorado Springs, CO 80936.

NATION BASEBALL CAPS—These high-quality caps come with "The Nation" embroidered on the front and an adjustable strap for a perfect fit. Choose between our black cap with white Nation logo or our 2-tone cap—100% unbleached natural cotton with red Nation logo and brim. Only $11.95 each, postpaid. For an even better deal, buy 3 or more for $9.95 each. Send check or money order in U.S. currency to: Nation Caps, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add sales tax. Foreign orders add 33%.)

NEW NATION T-SHIRTS! Back by popular demand—"The Nation" is printed on the front and "since 1865" on the back. These 100% cotton T-shirts come in 3 styles: Black with white lettering (M, L, XL), forest green with white lettering (M, L, XL), and white with red lettering (M, L, XL). $11.95 postpaid, or buy 3 or more for only $9.95 each. Send check or money order in U.S. currency to: Nation T-shirts, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (New York residents add sales tax. Foreign orders add 33%.)

ORGANIZATIONS

SINGLE WOMEN'S NETWORK, a national group for friendship, travel and support. Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039. (610) 358-5520.

ADVERTISE IN THE NATION
CALL (212) 242-8400

PERSONALS

PERSONALS ADVERTISERS
$2.25 per word; Nation Box number and weekly forwarding service one-time charge $20; for commercial advertisers standard rates apply.

Concerned Singles

For over a decade, Concerned Singles Newsletter has linked singles concerned about peace, social justice, racism, gender equity, the environment. Nationwide. All ages. Free sample: Box 555-NA, Stockbridge, MA 01262. (800) 370-5040.

DATE SOMEONE IN YOUR LEAGUE: Graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Stanford, U of Chicago, Cal Tech, Duke, UC Berkeley, Northwestern, meet alumni and academics. The Right Stuff (800) 988-5288.

SWF, 36, writer, slim, attractive, dog (friendly) owner, seeks creative, psychologically aware, New York City man. Nation Box 146.

MAKE LOVE! MAKE WAVES! Make dinner! Midlife gal seeks midlife guy (50-60). NYC. Nation Box 143.

GORGEOUS N.Y.-AREA HOMEOPATH seeks handsome man to dance and go to the movies with when the kids visit Dad. If you look like Bill Pullman, so much the better. I don't exactly look like Sandra Bullock either. Nation Box 144.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE®. Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. 1-800-233-CMLS. Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, a national group, has been getting unattached booklovers together since 1970. Please write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039 or call (610) 358-5049.

WIDOWER SEEKS courageous unencumbered adapatable 60+ lady to build a new nest. 12 Tanglewood Court, West Palm Beach, FL 33401.

DOMINATION? FETISH? Erudite conversation. Free inquiry! (202) 331-4433 Love, Lady Maeve; (908) 284-8028 Love, Nancy.

SILVER GUYS & DOLLS. A unique, quality personal ads publication for those who wish to share their longevity with like-minded seniors. Fifty-five and over. Quarterly. Annual subscription: $20. (800) 388-5888.

PERSONALS

EROTIC, INTELLIGENT, IMAGINATIVE CONVERSATION. Uninhibited exploration of your sexual fantasies. Discretion assured. Inquire: (617) 661-3849.

If responding to a Nation Box number send replies to: Nation Box _____, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

POSITIONS AVAILABLE ADVERTISERS:
Take advantage of *The Nation's* reach to the progressive community of America with our low rates of 4 insertions, $1.90 per word, 15 word minimum.

SEEKING ATTORNEYS & ORGANIZERS. Ralph Nader-backed consumer protection organization needs both Attorneys with administrative law background and grass-roots Organizers. Experience, excellent writing and verbal skills, ability to shoulder significant responsibility required. Positions available now. Résumé to: Harvey Rosenfield, 10951 W. Pico Blvd. 3rd Floor, Los Angeles, CA 90064. (310) 475-0883.

ASSOCIATION FOR UNION DEMOCRACY seeks versatile staffer: administration, fundraising, writing, leadership. Capable of becoming director shortly. Salary negotiable. Résumé: 500 State Street, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

RESIST FOUNDATION seeks 2 full-time staffers. Fundraiser/Newsletter Editor and Grants-Management/Bookkeeper. Many functions shared. Flexibility and ability to work collectively a must. Jobs require strong writing, computer and organizational skills. Applicants should have a commitment to progressive politics, including a feminist, anti-racist, and pro-gay/lesbian perspective. Salary and benefits based on experience. Send cover letter, résumé and writing sample to: Resist Hiring Committee, One Summer Street, Somerville, MA 02143. People of color, gay/lesbians strongly encouraged to apply. Deadline: July 15.

BENEFITS ADMINISTRATOR. Growing union seeks Benefits Administrator to handle group health plan and develop new benefits for members. Call (212) 254-0279 for full description.

EARN MONEY READING BOOKS! $30,000/year income potential. $39.95 for start-up book. (805) 962-8000 ext. Y-3596.

CRUISE SHIPS NOW HIRING. Earn up to $2,000+ per month working on cruise ships or land-tour companies. World Travel. No experience necessary. For more information call (206) 634-0468 ext. C-90513.

PUBLICATIONS

LIBERAL RADIO TALK SHOW seeks vocal intelligent listeners. For your closest station, send large SASE to P O Box 451, Norwalk, CT 06852.

SOCIALIST: a democratic socialist view of life and politics from the Socialist Party USA. 6 issues, $9. 516 W. 25th St. #404, New York, NY 10001. (212) 691-0776.

DO YOU HAVE SPANKING FANTASIES? We do—hundreds—and ours are for sale. Romantic, erotic, disciplinary, wherever the muse wanders. For a 24-page catalogue send $3 to CF Publications, Box 706NN, E. Setauket, NY 11733.

"PATRIOTISM": THE 125th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE OF *THE NATION*. What is patriotism? The term is ritually invoked to rally people behind this or that policy, or to damn those who oppose the policy—most recently during the Gulf War. In an increasingly interdependent world is patriotism obsolete? Can people on the left *be* patriotic? In this special 125th anniversary issue some ninety contributors give their answers in prose, poetry and art. Copies of this historic issue are available for $4 each. Send check or money order to: *The Nation*, Box P, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates and Frequency Discounts: STANDARD $2.25/word, 15-word minimum; POB and telephone numbers count as two words. 4 INSERTIONS $1.90/word; 10 INSERTIONS $1.80/word; 24 INSERTIONS $1.55/word; 47 INSERTIONS $1.35/word.

Logos: We will print your logo and center the headline of your advertisement for an additional fee of $30/insertion. Maximum size for a logo is 2 1/4″ wide by 1/2″ deep. Stat of logo should accompany ad copy and payment.

Deadline: Wednesday, 3 PM, 26 days prior to Monday issue date.

Payment in U.S. currency must accompany order.

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for _____ insertions at $_____/word rate.

"Personals" advertisers: Be sure to include $20 for *Nation* box number/forwarding service.

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____

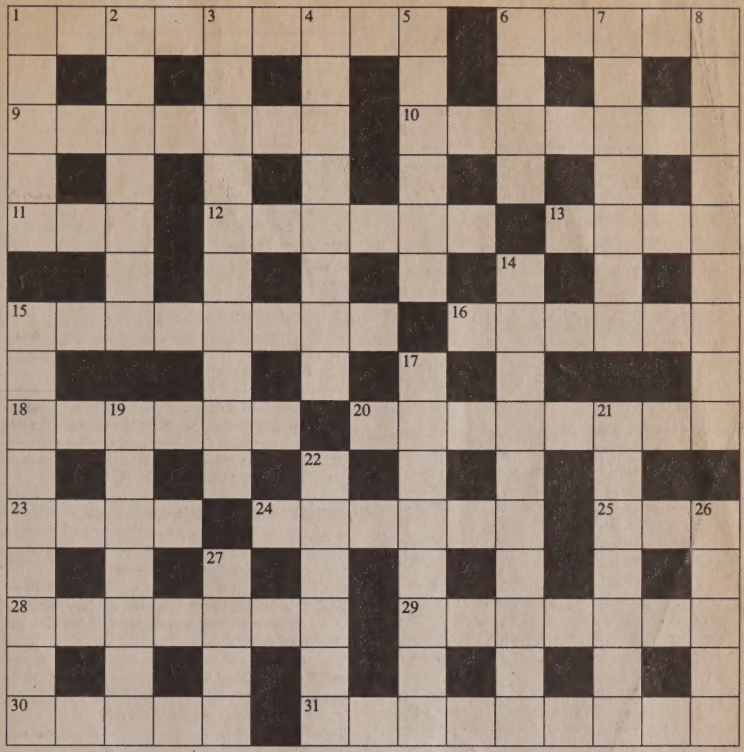
State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____ Fax _____

Attach ad, typewritten if possible.

THE NATION, Classified Department, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011

Crossword Puzzle No. 2532

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 6 Disproving the statement that no man is an island? (3,4,2,5)
9 Takes trellises to hold in something like a hawk! (7)
10 Somewhat fancy word for the entertainer—the final point being unnecessary. (7)
11, 12 and 13 Everything connected with a "fun" occasion happens appropriately, sooner or later! (3,2,4,4)
15 More like a string bean, as they say, but it makes a silk net. (8)
16 The weapon is returned to obtain a bit of gold, evidently. (6)
18 The English can joke around, which is putting in certain types of entrances. (6)
20 Angora, typically. (With a "righto!" a possible outbreak.) (4,4)
25, 23 and 24 Stick your neck out, perhaps! (Inquire with a strong point, having foreign money.) (3,3,7)
28 Fade-out around what the junkie wants, being stuck up, perhaps. (7)
29 The part of the city that has a rough sea to take care of. (4,3)
30 and 31 Migratory types mentioned in quotations from Shakespeare, or other writers? (5,2,7)

DOWN

1 and 19 and 8 What the wheel does for a casino visitor, as the invalid hopes to do. (4,1,4,3,3,6)
2 Sort of piles where there is no getting up with the delta just in front of it. (7)
3 Trouble with the drains, as in what people from an island near Italy have to straighten out. (10)
4 One is expected to speak well of those who aren't quick. (8)
5 Gradually tire over no climbing on what could hold the drink. (6)
6 You might think they're funny, but at this end, you've just about had it! (4)
7 What David's rooters might have said when he met Goliath, given "the bird"? (7)
8 See 1 down
14 Found flying around the church, possibly, however just "long hair" to some. (10)
15 The British might consider this quite a joint! (3,2,4)
17 And away with this? You're flying as you might with laughter! (6,2)
19 See 1 down
21 The ale Adam brewed, finding a place to live. (7)
22 Who act, by the sound of it, as a possible spell of bad luck? (6)
26 An anchor might be found there if you get asked, generally. (5)
27 Article with the subject of love-making coming up, used by some fellers. (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUBLICATIONS

HAITI INFO, a bi-weekly publication of the Haitian Information Bureau, an alternative news agency based in Port-au-Prince and dedicated to the Haitian popular movement. For everyone who wants to understand what's really happening in Haiti. One-year subscriptions are $30. To subscribe write: Haitian Information Bureau, c/o Lynx Air, Box 407139, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33340.

S&Ls, BIG BANKS AND OTHER TRIUMPHS OF CAPITALISM—Robert Sherrill tells the sordid story of the looting decade. It's a feisty account that shows how the S&L crisis was created, how the taxpayers were betrayed by their elected officials and government regulators, who the chief scoundrels are and why the current bailout is a disaster. Most important, Sherrill warns that the Feds, in willful ignorance of the lessons of the S&L disaster, are moving rapidly toward further deregulation of the big banks—a move that could lead to even greater financial disaster. This issue of *The Nation* was originally published November 19, 1990. $4 per issue. Send check or money order to *The Nation*, Bulk Sales X, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, or call (212) 242-8400, ext. 206, for bulk prices.

CHINA PLAYS THE MARKET—Orville Schell and Todd Lappin tell the astonishing, surreal and shocking inside story of the paradoxes of the privatization of the world's largest Marxist state. Beginning with the establishment of the first Chinese stock exchange in 1990, Schell and Lappin show how the network of exchanges that followed was rocked by corruption, "insider trading," "crashes" and all the other financial fun and games, culminating in riots by angry would-be investors. This award-winning *Nation* article was originally published December 14, 1992. $4 per issue to: Nation Back Issues, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. Or call (212) 242-8400 for bulk prices.

THE AMERICAN NEO-NAZI MOVEMENT TODAY—Elinor Langer's exhaustively researched and chilling look at the growth of skinhead, Neo-Nazi and white supremacist hate groups with direct ideological links to the original Nazi movement. Langer concludes that something deeply disturbing is happening here—something every American should comprehend and confront. This issue of *The Nation* was originally published July 16/23, 1990. $4 per issue. Send check or money order to *The Nation*, Bulk Sales X, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, or call (212) 242-8400, ext. 206 for bulk prices.

SUMMER RENTAL

LAKE FRONT LOG HOME. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. 2½ hours from NYC, near Tanglewood. Fireplace, A/C. $6,000 July 1–Labor Day. (212) 677-3900 x7044.

TRAVEL

GREAT FAMINE REMEMBERED. Tour Ireland, Sept 10, 14 days unique pilgrimage North/South. (305) 891-9987.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2531

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He's the Media's Lyin' King

We're the magazine that gets under his skin

He's often called "provocative." A habitual liar would be more accurate. Rush Limbaugh, the multimillionaire huckster who purports to speak for the little guy, doles out falsehoods, misinformation and bogus conspiracy theories on a daily basis.

Much of what Limbaugh says would be laughable if not for the millions of people who believe him when he claims that "the poorest people in America are better off than the mainstream families of Europe"; or that a university study proved that the bigger the bra size, the smaller a woman's I.Q.; or that "styrofoam and plastic jugs are biodegradable."

On and on it goes. Yet even more disturbing than his Limbecile statements is the fact that many media treat him as an authority. ABC's Ted Koppel presented Limbaugh as an "expert" on the environment and on Whitewater. Limbaugh recently dispensed his wisdom as a pundit on *This Week With David Brinkley*.

Limbaugh Gets Stung

Not long ago FAIR, the progressive media watch group, had a novel idea for a stinging rebuke to Rush Limbaugh — the truth. We published a report in *EXTRA!*, our award-winning magazine, that exposed Limbaugh as a charlatan.

The response was so overwhelming that we decided to expand our report into a book, *The Way Things Aren't: Rush Limbaugh's Reign of Error*, which documents and corrects over 100 whoppers told by the Lyin' King — in areas ranging from American history to the economy, feminism to the environment, health care to rock 'n' roll. It also features cartoons by Garry Trudeau and Tom Tomorrow, seven things you can do about Limbaugh and an introduction to Limbaughland by Molly Ivins.

FREE Book to Readers of The Nation...

We'll send you a copy of *The Way Things Aren't* if you subscribe to *EXTRA!* at the reduced rate of $19. *EXTRA!* was recently lauded by *Utne Reader* as one of "ten new magazines that made a difference." Every issue of *EXTRA!* provides a useful and provocative round-up of what's fair and what's flawed in today's news coverage. You'll learn about what stories are censored, how corporate bosses and advertisers skew the news, and which journalists have gotten so cozy with powerful government sources that they can't possibly convey a reliable picture of what's going on.

If you get good and angry when you watch TV or read the press, then you'll want to read *EXTRA!*. Call 800-847-3993 to get a year's worth of *EXTRA!* plus a copy of *The Way Things Aren't* — for only $19.

I want to take advantage of this special offer: Send me my FREE copy of **The Way Things Aren't**, as well as a year's worth of the *EXTRA!* — for only $19. Call 1-800-847-3993 and use your MasterCard or Visa. Or send check or money order to FAIR/*EXTRA!*, P.O. Box 911, Pearl River, NY 10965.

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❑ MASTERCARD OR ❑ VISA ONLY

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